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APRIL 15, 1977

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President Carter and The Honeymooners



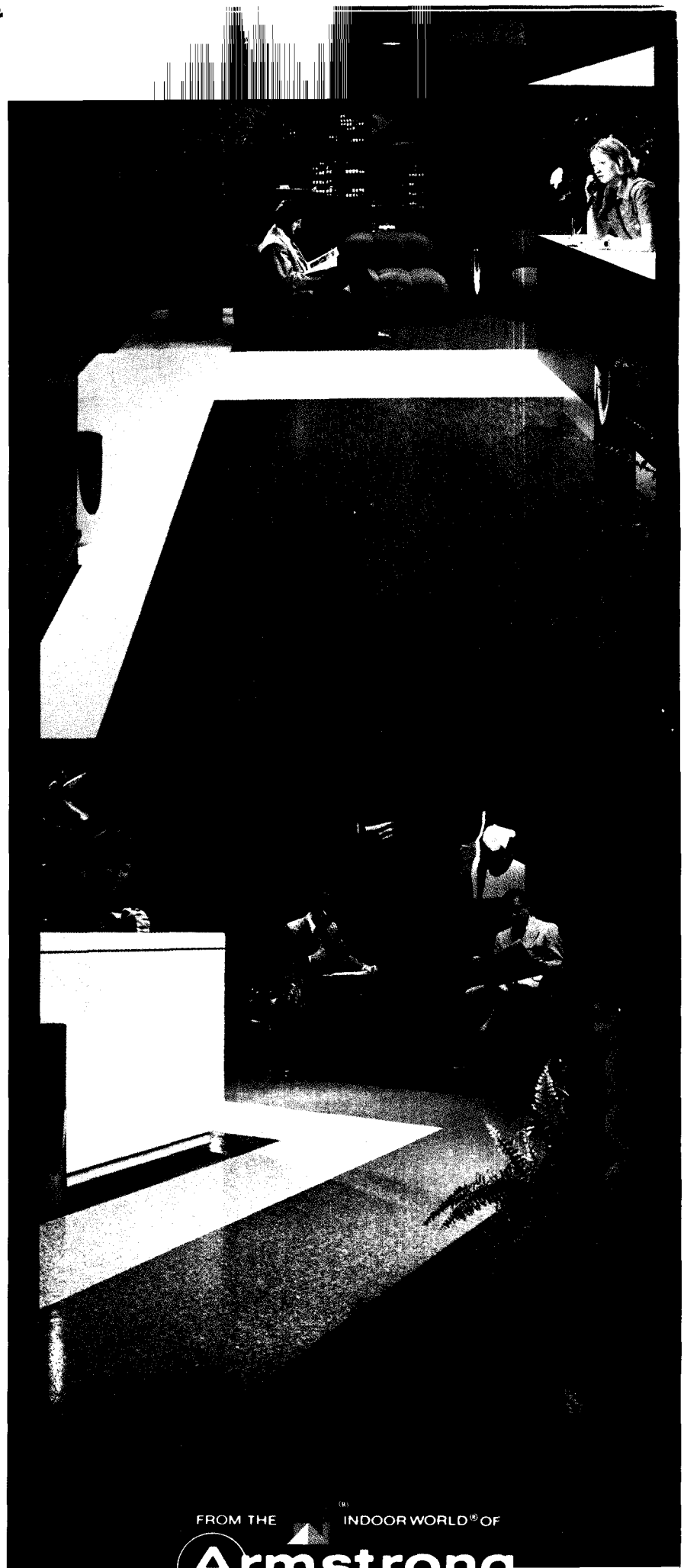
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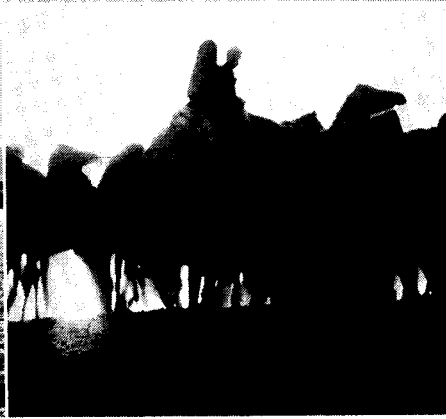
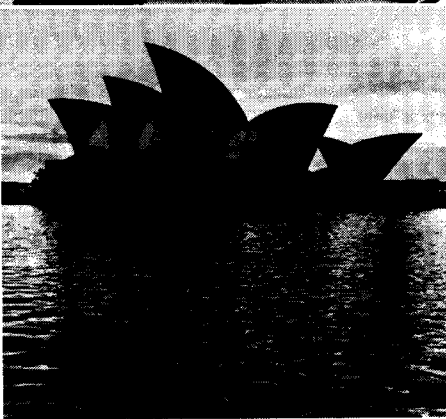
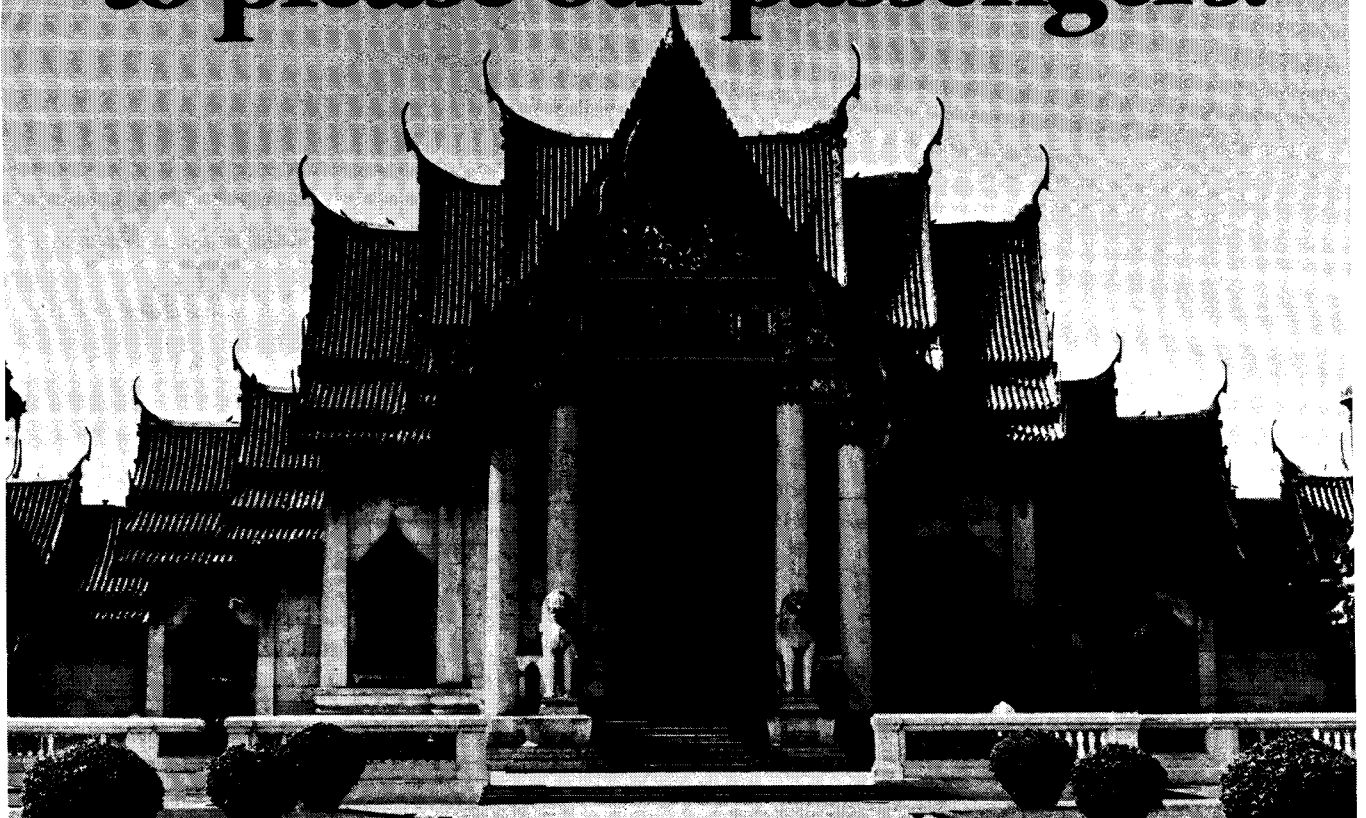


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Letters

Bukovsky and Freedom

What a coup, getting the exclusive interview [April 1] with Vladimir Bukovsky! I've seen various statements he has made since he came to the West quoted in other publications, but nothing so extensive and so much a coherent whole. I found myself remembering that *NR* was, a few years ago, the first American publication to reproduce large portions of the Bukovsky Papers—the ones that detailed the Soviet habit of using psychiatry as a political weapon.

Besides being informative, the piece was extremely moving—especially the last question that Bukovsky answered, and John Coyne's summing-up. "Perhaps it's difficult for you Americans to understand all this," Bukovsky said. "Freedom here is simply like air—you breathe it and you take it for granted." And Mr. Coyne adds: "for Bukovsky, his soul tempered by the fires of totalitarian tyranny, it can all be summed up in one word. The word is freedom."

Dallas, Tex.

VICKI HERNANDEZ

GOP, RIP

At the risk of bringing on one of the Editorial Department's ingrate witticisms, let me venture to compliment it publicly for that luminous set of three pieces on the viability of the Republican Party [March 18]. I have seldom seen the whole complex subject debated so well, so persuasively, or (by and large) so evenly. Mrs. Luce makes a brilliant case for the existence of a self-destruct mechanism in all democratic societies. Professor van den Haag concedes the possibility of societal self-destruction but denies there is anything inevitable about it, and urges us to fight on under the Republican banner, without despairing. Professor Hart concurs about fighting on, but contends that the GOP is fighting ineptly, and insists that it must radically alter its tactics: i.e., reduce its near-total public identification with the country-club image and special interests of Big Business, and bid effectively for the votes of the "unfashionable ethnics" (Irish, Slavs, Italians) and the lower middle class in general.

May I offer a slightly different theory? Professor Hart's analysis is most nearly correct, but the Republican Party cannot (more precisely *will not*, as presently constituted) do as he wishes, because its own liberal minority can and does systematically prevent it from making any *powerful* and *persistent* bid to conservatively inclined voters not now in the GOP. Thus Reagan was forced to blur his conservative appeal by teaming up with Schweiker (only to be rejected anyway, in favor of

the slightly more "moderate" Ford). The only time the GOP ever kicked over the traces—by nominating Goldwater, in 1964—its liberal wing swiftly deserted it on election day. The happenstance of Kennedy's assassination and replacement by Johnson, whom millions of Americans then perceived as a social conservative, coincidentally prevented successful replacement of the votes thus lost—and in 1968 the Republican Convention resumed its debilitating bondage to its liberal minority.

Ergo Mrs. Luce is ultimately right—though for the wrong reason.

New York, N.Y. WILLIAM A. RUSHER

Humoroid

M. J. Sobran Jr.'s "On the Screen: Joe McCarthyoid" [March 18] is a classic "humoroid"—a description of an event that is so tragic it becomes humorous. When it is obvious that a mindless television ape is attempting to put one over on you, then you need the companionship of a thinking fellow. Mr. Sobran provided that companionship and I am grateful.

The network team responsible for *Tail Gunner Joe* remind me of a strange species called "humanoids"—a group of people who look like humans, act like humans, but think like idiots.

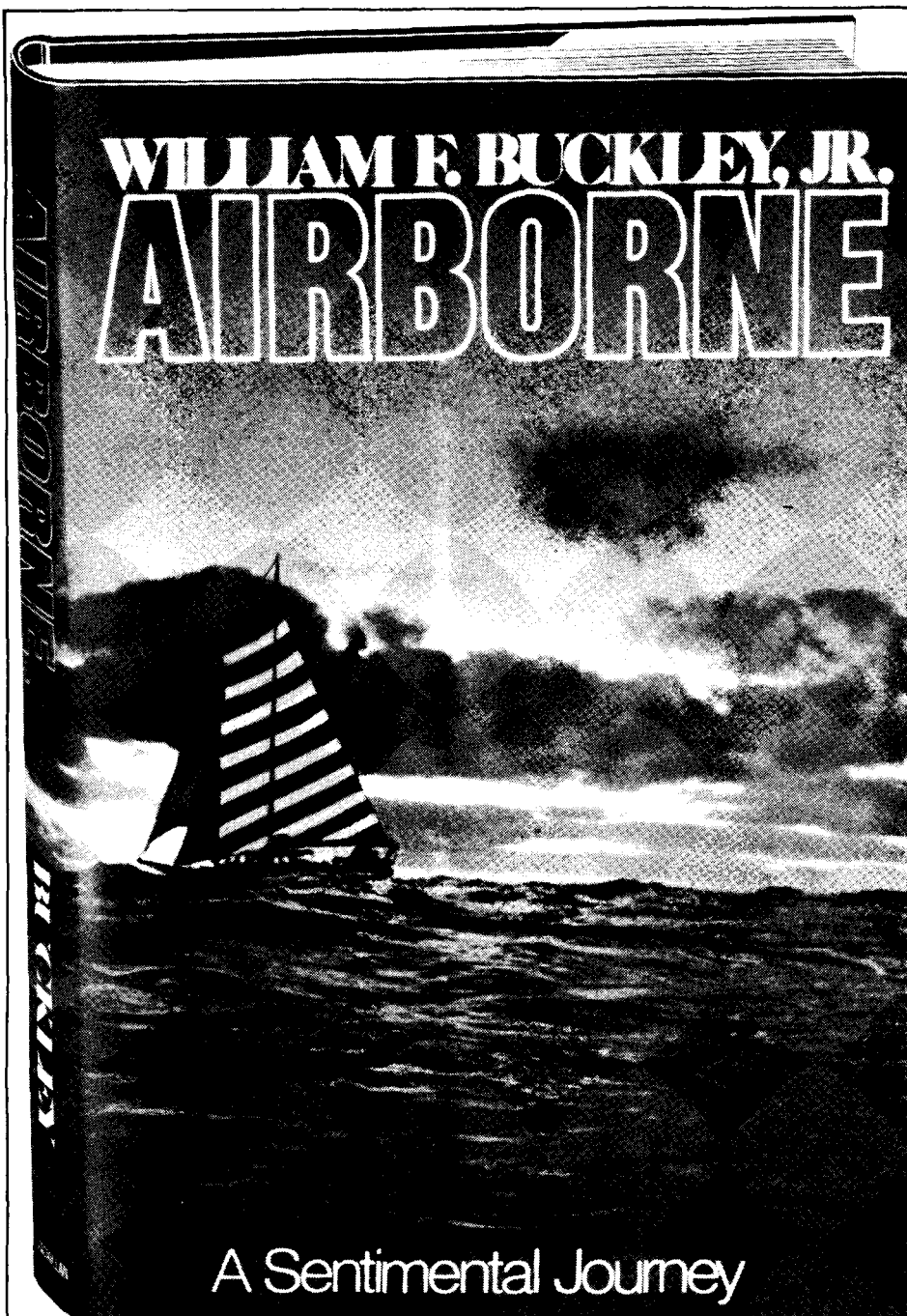
One concrete beneficial result—my wife so enjoyed my enjoyment of Mr. Sobran's critique that she is going to begin reading *NATIONAL REVIEW*.

Lake Forest, Ill. THOMAS A. STEVENS

Prematurely

I have just finished reading James Burnham's column "The Detente Party" [March 18] and couldn't agree more—except for one little item, when he writes, "de facto Soviet bases have been established in Somalia (at Djibouti)," when, of course, he meant Berbera.

However, his error was merely in the timing; it advanced coming history a bit, with the scenario as follows: 1) The French are giving the Territory of the Afars and Issas its independence, probably this summer, which territory includes the strategic port of Djibouti; 2) Somalia and Ethiopia (the latter needs Djibouti as its only outlet to the sea) are squabbling beforehand as to who is to grab the port; 3) Somalia is already under the Soviets' thumb; 4) the present Ethiopian "socialist" government is being aided, both economically and in its quarrel with the Eritrean rebels, by the Soviet Union, which is intensifying its aid as the Territory's day of independence nears; 5) therefore, whoever succeeds in grabbing the said Territory, Somalia or Ethiopia, it will be the Soviet Union that will profit.



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So, as I said, Mr. Burnham's error was only in the timing.

New York, N.Y. BENJAMIN PROTTER

The New Lamarckians

The two letters [Feb. 4] in reply to "Lysenko, RIP" are classic examples of our ability to obscure a perfectly straightforward point. The fact that Communists kill non-Communists, Mr. Gudmundsson says, means that they believe in and practice Darwinism. In fact, real Darwinism, real genetics, denies man's ability to make a heaven on earth through environmentalism. This making of a utopia is the excuse for Communist—and other leftist—brutality, so they adopt Lamarckism to show they can make man perfect, even genetically perfect, through environment. Thus Communists use Darwinism while denying it. They also use the market system (e.g., private plots on collective farms), while denying that, too. Does Mr. Gudmundsson contend therefore that they are true capitalists and that their pretense to the contrary should not be mentioned?

The second letter is wrong. Nowhere in "Lysenko, RIP" was there any reference to "the environment" as the term is used in the latest moral crusade. The mistake is Mr. Jukes's own. The Left is in a different environment business: the more important heredity is, the less education can raise, for example, testable IQ. As a result, the liberals, through their "human betterment" (education and welfare) programs worth tens of billions each year, have a vested interest of vast proportions in nurture: environment.

Leftist environmentalism in America does include suppressing pro-heredity points of view, but does not include blatant Lamarckism. It is not at all certain, however, that liberals will not fall back on Lamarck in their time of dead-end militancy. They have been steadily forced back in attempts to find environmental explanations for IQ gaps, from schooling to preschooling to infancy, and the facts have laughed them to ridicule at each stage. Their last hope was prenatal malnutrition, which theory has been sunk by the accumulation of evidence as well. When my wife informed him of this, Ber Bova, editor of *Analog*, wrote, "I am speaking about chronic malnutrition that goes on for generations, not a brief interlude of deprivation." In other words, my great-grandmother's malnutrition affects my genes. If that isn't Lamarckism, it's a damn good imitation!

Washington, D.C. ROBERT W. WHITAKER

Mano Gratias

I am glad that D. Keith Mano takes note of Francis Schaeffer's new book, *How Should We Then Live?* [March 18]. Schaeffer is at one and the same time the most important and most assiduously ignored theologian in Christendom. My (Episcopal) priest has never heard of the man. Yet Schaeffer is an intellectual who could

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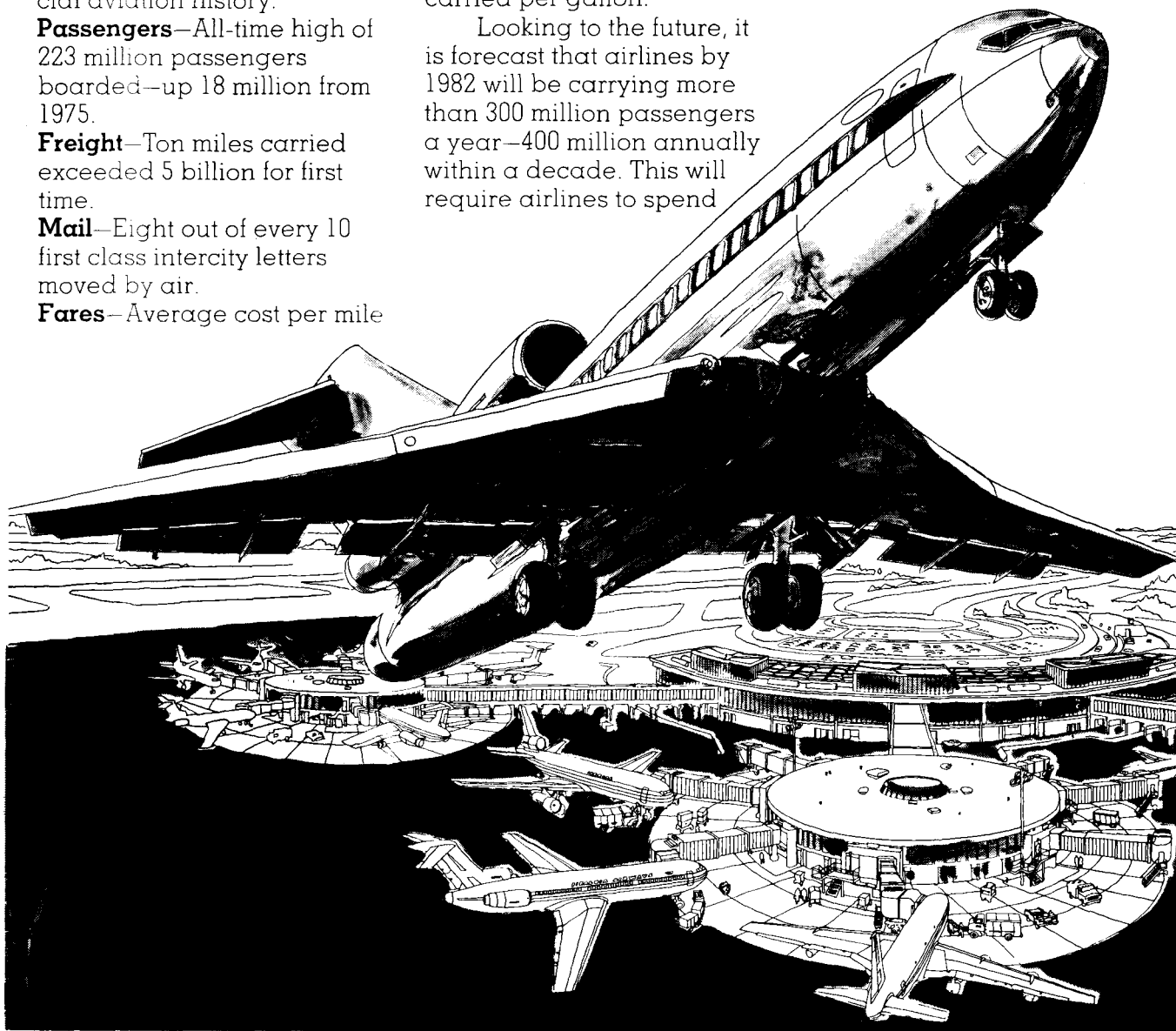
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make a fundamental hermeneutical principle palatable even to the high-falutin' crowd.

Mano has rendered no small service to the faithful by bringing their attention to Francis Schaeffer and his work.

Kansas City, Kan. CHRISTOPHER ILIFF

Why/Why Not Woman Priests?

Malachi B. Martin's article "Priestly Ordination" [Feb. 18], while presenting—shall we say, in line with the author's manner of speaking—the case "not for" the ordination of women to the priesthood of the "ancient Communions," strikes me as unnecessarily divisive on several fronts: men from women, of course; "ancient Communions" from Protestantism; Anglicans from Episcopalians, even.

Jesus' female disciples, says Martin, were "marvelous women" and "far more faithful, intelligent, strong, and practical than the men." So why didn't He ordain them? Jesus was human (I think some blood was let over that theological point) and as such acted as a member of the culture into which He was born.

Furthermore, Martin's new-found analogy to bread and wine v. rice and tea in the Eucharistic sacrifice will not work as well with people like me as Martin seems to hope. The Bible says that we, male and female, are the image of God. The oneness of man and woman in God's image

defies analogy to the cultural roles of foodstuffs.

Los Angeles, Calif.

PATRICIA KRIBS

Viscerally I agree with Malachi Martin that women cannot be truly ordained priests, although, like him, I cannot produce a watertight intellectual objection. Which is why I found the argument he did use extremely disturbing: I felt that it weakened, by its untenable analogies, the case for what I too believe. I refer specifically to his argument that the Church must choose the same kind of people to be priests as Jesus chose to be Apostles. True in many senses. But if Mr. Martin himself took that argument seriously in the sense in which he uses it, he would have to argue for a priesthood composed mainly of Jewish ex-fishermen and ex-tax collectors, none of whom had ever been anywhere near a seminary.

Providence, R.I.

CLARA VAIL

Unlike so many others currently writing on women's "ordination," Malachi Martin understands that what is at issue is the nature of the priesthood, not equal rights.

He is also right that the 1976 decision of the Episcopal Church to "ordain" women proves that the so-called Episcopal Church of 1977 does not believe in the sacerdotal priesthood; but that does not mean that the Episcopal Church never thus believed, nor does it mean that all Episcopalians will meekly follow their House of Bishops into heresy. Sadly, Martin totally ignores the Anglo-Catholic movement within Anglicanism, which, like Roman Catholicism and Eastern Orthodoxy, has always upheld the sacerdotal priesthood, the seven Sacraments, the sacrificial character of the Mass, and the Apostolic Succession.

In St. Louis this coming September, Anglo-Catholics (along with other Episcopalians fed up with yet other abuses, such as the "ordination" of a self-acknowledged lesbian) will officially come together to separate themselves from the fake "Episcopal Church" that has been captured by modern gnostics and transformed from a Catholic body into just one more liberal Protestant slave of the Zeitgeist. All Episcopalians who want to keep abreast of this impending historic schism should contact the American Church Union, 6013 Lawton, Oakland, Calif. 94618.

Stanford, Calif.

DALE VREE

You quote ["The Week," Feb. 4] Bishop Paul Moore of New York: "Homosexuality is a condition one does not choose." So is stupidity, and I believe God never intended it to play a major role in the architecture of His Church. Those of us who love Søren Kierkegaard, in spite of the fact that he was not an Episcopalian, can believe as he that "God annihilates evil by ignoring it." When we consider Bishop Moore let us turn aside our heads.

New Orleans, La.

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by William F. Buckley, Jr. and L. Brent Bozell

Prologue by William S. Schlamm

444 pages • 7 valuable appendices • notes • 11-page index

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This book, covering McCarthy's career through late 1953, remains the most searching and balanced look at the record. Not uncritical (Leo Cherne once counted 66 criticisms of McCarthy in these pages), the book nonetheless sustains McCarthy's basic thesis—and goes beyond it to explore the deeper meaning of the controversy. William S. Schlamm goes to the heart of the matter in his illuminating Prologue:

"When McCarthy proceeded to uncover the immense Communist infiltration of democratic government and free society, his conduct was sometimes objectionable (as this book demonstrates), but his activating premise was not: At the heart of what is derisively called McCarthyism lives, in paradoxical fact, the very principle of Western civilization—the axiomatic tenet that man is entirely responsible for the intellectual choices he has made in an exercise of his free will. The essence of what we have learned in five thousand years about the nature of man is that the inviolable sovereignty of the person presupposes his inseparable responsibility for the positions he takes, including wrong ones. A man can stumble into grave error for the noblest of reasons, God knows; and only Satanism denies man's inalienable capacity to recover from error. But man can neither grow, nor err, nor reform, nor even exist, unless he is taken seriously, and so takes himself. The true difference between McCarthy and his alleged sophisticated opponents is not that they propose a charitable and civilized course, while McCarthy is Caliban; the difference is, in truth, that he, often crudely instructed, takes man seriously, while they insist that man is morally a vegetable and intellectually an eternal child. The intellectual scandal around McCarthy is primarily the frightening frivolousness of his opposition which holds that man's choices signify nothing; that on his walks through the valley of decisions man picks and discards commitments with the abandon of Peter Pan picking daisies. . . .

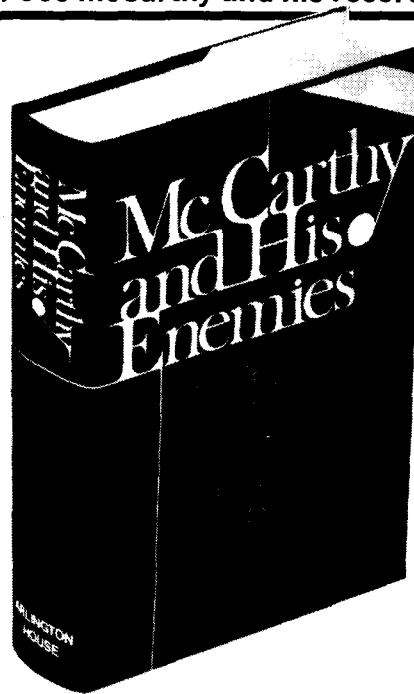
"With this book William F. Buckley, Jr. and L. Brent Bozell have liberated a territory which for four years was terrorized by the nervous shriek; liberated and restored it to orderly argument. Now anybody who wants to remain an Anti-McCarthyite in good standing, and at the same time intellectually respectable, will first have to read and disprove this book."

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Is it on to repeal of 14(b)—the right-to-work provision of the **Taft-Hartley Act**—after all? Rep. **Frank Thompson** (D., N.J.), sponsor of the common situs picketing bill which everyone expected would pass, but which didn't, says he won't raise the issue in the House unless such a bill first passes the Senate. Says another important Democratic House leader: "Psychologically, all the momentum is against labor now." . . . Heroes of the common situs defeat are Republican Congressmen **John Ashbrook** (Ohio), **Mickey Edwards** (Okla.), and Republican Whip **Robert Michel** (Ill.), who kept all but 14 Republicans in line on the crucial vote. . . . The Republicans were joined by many Southern conservative Democrats—all ten **Georgia** Democrats voted against common situs as did the entire Democratic delegations from four other Southern states, **Alabama**, **Arkansas**, **Mississippi**, and **North Carolina**. . . . House Speaker **Tip O'Neill** says Congress got more mail opposing the construction industry picketing bill than on any other issue since the Vietnam War. . . . (One mailing to **George Meany's** headquarters in Washington, from the ever-active National Right to Work Committee, was addressed to "Mr. Affcio." . . . Right-to-work remains popular with most Americans, according to a recent **Roper** poll which shows that 73 per cent of the people support the right-to-work principle, 69 per cent favor right-to-work laws, and 68 per cent are against repeal of 14(b). Union members and their families oppose repeal by 63 per cent.

■ What would have happened if **Jimmy Carter's** open registration law had been in effect last November? **Mark Siegal**, who headed the Democratic registration drive last year, believes that "at least six out of every ten unregistered voters are potential Democrats." . . . A *New York Times*-CBS poll taken last Novem-



Bas, Tachydromos

Rothco

ber indicates that Carter had a 17 per cent lead over **Ford** among those who didn't vote, and only a 2 per cent lead among those who did. . . . **Judah Shapiro**, president of the Labor Zionist Alliance, is very much opposed to Carter's proposal to abolish the **Electoral College**. Such a change, he says, would "reduce the political strength of American Jewry" because the Jewish vote in certain states has helped deliver them to the Democrats. . . . A spokesman for CIA indicates Director **Stansfield Turner** is upset by the decision of the Justice Department not to prosecute CIA-traitor **Philip Agee** (*Inside the Company: CIA Diary*) if Agee returns to this country after having been deported from England. On *Face the Nation* recently, Turner commented that it is disturbing to learn that a **Department of Agriculture** official can be sent to jail for disclosing information on crop futures, whereas it is often impossible to prosecute an intelligence officer for disclosing information affecting national security.

■ Why doesn't anyone know exactly what is going on in **Zaire**? Officials at the U.S. Embassy in Kinshasa say we don't know because of the constraints placed on CIA operations in Africa following the Angola war. Says one Western diplomat, according to the *Washington Post*: "Two years ago there would have been a black American who spoke Swahili drifting quietly around and we would have had a lot better handle on what is going on." . . . **Jean Tshombe**, the son of the late **Moise Tshombe** (who led a Katanga secessionist movement 18 years ago), says Cubans and Russians are not involved in the invasion of Shaba province from Angola. It is, he says, a liberation movement. The returning Katangan gendarmerie are marching under Tshombe's old liberation flag. . . . **Moise Tshombe's** brother **Daniel**, present head of the Lunda tribe, which is located in Katanga but also in portions of Angola and Zambia, signed himself in on a Kolwezi hotel register the other day as "Emperor of the Lunda Kingdom of Zaire, Angola, and Zambia." . . . Whether there are **Cubans** involved in the invasion or not, it is known that Katangan officers leading the invasion got some of their military training in Cuba. . . . When **Fidel Castro** visited Angola on his African tour he told cheering Angolans that he would keep sending tanks, planes, and soldiers to their country. . . . Castro also promised **Col. Qaddafi** of Libya help in training his crews in the use of new Soviet tanks and other military equipment.

■ And a couple of **Ides of April** notes. The top **Social Security** payment in 1977 will be \$966; when the system started forty years ago it was \$30. . . . U.S. taxpayers will be allowed 34 days this year, instead of the regulation thirty, to reply to **IRS** questions about their taxes. The reason: the slowness of the United States mail.

STRAIGHT TALK FROM THE PEOPLE OF TEXACO

We have five critical steps to take to reach a workable national energy policy.

“Step One. Alternate Energy.

In the relatively near term, this country's enormous reserves of coal should be put to greater use, and nuclear energy projects should be encouraged.

Step Two. Emergency Planning.

The United States needs an effective national program for the strategic storage of petroleum so that our economy cannot be crippled in time of emergency.

Step Three. Energy Conservation.

In the long term, energy conservation will best be stimulated by permitting the forces of the free market to work effectively.

Step Four. Price Controls.

All domestic price controls should be removed as quickly as possible. This will clear the way for increased domestic oil and gas production, and will permit the petroleum industry to make the long-range plans and commitments that are so necessary in this business.

Step Five. Environmental Constraints.

The U.S. must accept further reasonable accommodations between environmental objectives and energy imperatives.”

For more information about Texaco's proposals for a national energy policy, write: Maurice F. Granville, Texaco Inc., P.O. Box 3146, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017.



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THE WEEK

■ The Farcical Trade Commission has ruled that Marcel Bic cannot purchase the American Safety Razor Co. and compete with Schick and Gillette, on grounds that the purchase would harm competition by removing one of Bic's competitors. If you can make any sense of that, you have a swell career waiting for you in Washington. Bring a Bic to flick with the FTC slicks who nixed Bic's pick for a quick click against Gillette and Schick.

■ Mr. Joseph A. Califano Jr., Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, stood before a New York City town meeting devoted to the subject of welfare reform and listened indignantly to the charge, brought by a community worker, that a Work Incentive program for welfare mothers had spent most of its funds on "trainers, not people." Nothing short of a "cross-pollination of computers," said Mr. Califano darkly, should be resorted to in the interests of reducing the incidence of error in making welfare payments, of taking "the profit out of poverty." Mr. Califano has had it impressed upon him of late that Indigence, Inc. is indeed a serious problem: the chief investigator of HEW resigned recently after Califano upbraided him for not having sought clearance from the top for an investigation of a health-care delivery company in California, most of whose funds come from Medicaid and Medicare and whose owner is accused of drawing a comfortable \$145,000 in salary and of charging inflated expenditures to the Federal Government. Califano, said the former investigator, told him (in private) that he did not wish to have HEW personnel harassing "a bunch of innocent people."

■ In the wake of NBC's *Tail Gunner Joe*, the National News Council has expressed its "deep concern" about TV's latest genre, the so-called "docu-drama," which purports to be authentic and seems to carry the authority of the networks that give us our news and history. Defending the film, an NBC spokesman said: "It is true that some literary license was taken, but we believe it was well within accepted limits of historical dramas of this type." You'd think he was talking about *Richard III*. What NBC's original puff had promised the viewer was "the incredible but true story of Senator Joseph McCarthy, the man who almost tore America apart." Roy Cohn, who has reissued his book on McCarthy in paperback, has added a preface in which he tells the story of accosting the director of *Tail Gunner Joe* on the matter of Joe McCarthy behaving wildly in the hospital where he died. Where had he got the information? Well . . . an unidentified hospital employee told it to an unidentified source. Mr. Cohn's reply was apt: If Senator McCarthy had ever accused someone of subversion based

on an unidentified witness as told to a second unidentified witness, he'd have earned the reputation NBC has given him.

■ Governor Hugh Carey of New York, the Empire State, has recently submitted his new budget to the Legislature. Weighing in at \$11.345 billion, this document is indeed imperial in its proportions, but the fact remains that it provides for the smallest budgetary increase in years for the state of New York, and thus fairly represents Governor Carey's commitment to austerity at all levels of government and hence to the hard-pressed New York taxpayers. The budget provides for a reduction of \$350 million in school aid, welfare, and Medicaid, a cutback which will produce responsive reductions at receding stages of government. Each of the affected interests has of course its own highly vocal constituency, and they have been heard from; but Carey's budget has, nevertheless, been greeted on the whole with the greatest submissiveness. "I was very, very surprised by how calm everything was," said a legislator. "If you're really interested in satisfying your constituents this year," an Assembly staff aide observed, "you offer them a tax cut and the example of tightening your own belt."

■ Last year, Gibson's, a retail store in Texas, challenged the assumed right of the Occupational Safety and Health Administration (OSHA) to warrantless search by denying entry to its inspectors. The Secretary of Labor brought suit to force the store into compliance. But the District Court ruled in favor of the store, thus supporting the view that OSHA searches are unconstitutional. The Court held that the Fourth Amendment specifically guarantees the right to privacy by prohibiting unreasonable search and requiring precise description of the purpose of the search before a warrant is issued. Only if a commodity, like liquor or guns, is widely subject to abuse, and to strict government regulation, does an implied consent to warrantless search exist. Unfortunately, District Judge Gee chose not to invalidate the statute itself. OSHA claims it will continue carrying out warrantless searches in the name of health and safety, so stick around for the years of litigation to come.

■ Is there a better way for Congress to knock down the nation's unemployment statistic than by creating jobs? The answer, if we look at Massachusetts, would appear to be, yes—by limiting unemployment benefits. During the period 1974-75, when that state gained 131,000 unemployed, it lost only 30,000 jobs. Then the state legislature tightened eligibility standards for unemployment benefits and 139,499 people ceased claiming they were looking for work. Apparently the easy availability of benefits and a depression psychology had brought some 100,000 job-seekers out of the closet, whither the subsequent unavailability of benefits sent them back. As a general principle: to increase demand for jobs—that is, to increase unemployment—increase the availability of public benefits to people who say they want jobs but can't get them. And, of course, vice versa.

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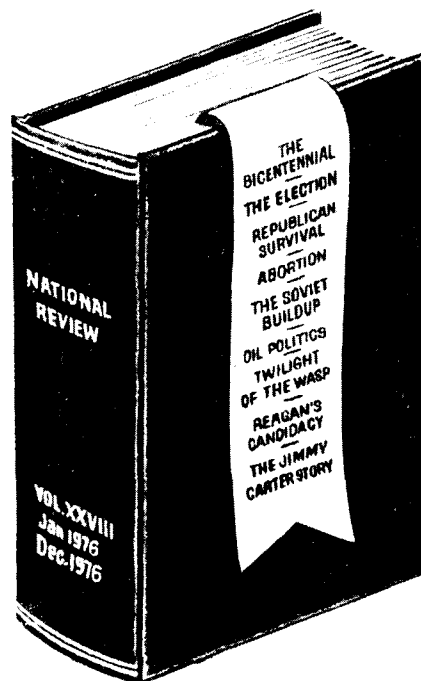
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the parents of young children because, not only will you be making sure *your* children won't be brainwashed about this fateful span of history, you may well be giving them

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Journalists here are cranking up for those traditional "first hundred days" pieces, and the emerging consensus seems to be that Carter isn't doing badly. Much of this good feeling, of course, is a reaction to image, personality, and Carter's carefully orchestrated public-relations campaign. Reporters who attend White House press conferences come away impressed with his directness, grasp of detail, and obvious intelligence. "It's refreshing," says one veteran of the Johnson-Nixon-Ford years who is hardly a Carter enthusiast, "to listen to a President who doesn't seem to have any kinks, who doesn't doubletalk or break out sweating, and who seems to understand what's happening in his own Administration."

By appearing to take a comprehensive liberal-centrist-conservative position on many issues, Carter has also managed to defuse much predictable ideological criticism. The human rights issue is a case in point. Liberals who for years have been shouting about repression in rightist nations are reluctant to appear to be making an exception for the world's most repressive nation. Conservatives, on the other hand, can no longer convincingly advance the double-standard argument—one reason, observers here believe, for the collapse

of effective opposition to the repeal of the Byrd Amendment.

Few critics question Carter's sincerity on human rights or related issues. Many, however, are uneasy over what they perceive as larger and often unstated objectives. Carter, they believe, because of his moral and religious views, means what he says about mistreatment of dissidents. But he is equally sincere about disarmament, and one way to bring on bigger and better agreements with the Soviets could be to hit them hard on the human rights issue while simultaneously intensifying disarmament negotiations, thus at least partially neutralizing opponents of disarmament.

It is this question of overall objectives which most troubles critics here, many of whom feel that there has been little effort thus far to apprehend the shape of what Carter seems to be building for us in Washington. Carter, as those who watched him in Georgia point out, is a very methodical man who works steadily toward concrete objectives, and he seldom makes a move unrelated to the eventual realization of those objectives. Thus, say the critics, his widely discussed reorganization moves should not be dismissed as mere window dressing, for they are specifically designed to pave the way for the efficient enactment of large-scale programs. And in the process, they may also result in a quantum jump in the

size and power of the Federal Government.

There is, for instance, the proposal for a new Department of Energy which would enjoy unprecedented powers. Even the critics concede that some such structure is necessary. But they also fear that it could provide the apparatus for eventually nationalizing the energy industry. The implications of the reorganization of HEW are equally profound. The creation of the new Health Care Financing Administration is ostensibly a method of bringing more cost-efficient management to Medicare and Medicaid. But the larger purpose is to provide an apparatus for administering national health insurance, a program which will nationalize the health-care industry. There is also significant movement on other fronts. The creation of a Consumer Protection Agency, for instance, is being discussed seriously again, and many here believe that the reappearance of Esther Peterson in Washington signals the escalation of the CPA campaign.

Carter is moving purposefully, and critics grow increasingly dubious about the direction in which he appears to be heading. Perhaps such concern is alarmist. But it grows increasingly apparent that if we want to know where he intends to take us, it is essential to watch what he does just as carefully as we listen to what he says. —CATO

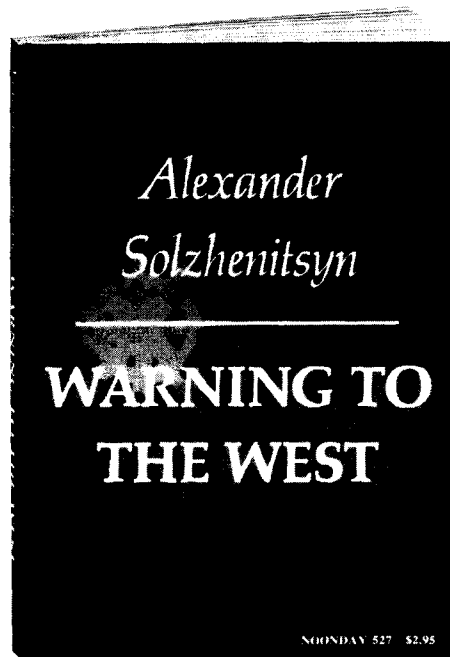
■ NATIONAL REVIEW contributor Norman Hannah ["Vietnam: Now We Know," June 11, 1976], who served as U.S. Consul General in Australia during the Vietnam War, has a few words to say about Averell Harriman's characterization of those who opposed Paul Warnke's confirmation as "certain people who I think are psychopaths." "This," writes Hannah, "is the same no-nonsense attitude that Harriman adopted toward those who disagreed with him on his attempt to neutralize Laos in 1961 by negotiations with the Soviet Union. Harriman has cultivated the image of a tough negotiator who knows how to get to men of power in the USSR and make them perform on undertakings given to him. The measure of Harriman's great prescience and of his incomparable influence with the Russians was his negotiation of the 1962 Geneva Accords which, as everyone now knows, successfully neutralized Laos and, under Harriman's pressure on the USSR, caused Hanoi to recall all of its forces from Laos under the terms of the agreement. More importantly, under Harriman's influence, the USSR prevailed upon Hanoi never again to violate Lao neutrality by sending men or supplies over the Ho Chi Minh Trail. As a result of this *tour de force*, Hanoi's invasion of South Vietnam was immediately terminated and the government of South Vietnam fell

two years ago solely as the result of its own internal decay, without any interference from Hanoi."

■ An extraordinary glimpse of the personality and career of Chiang Ch'ing, widow of Mao Tse-tung and since his death a prime figure of disgrace in Communist China, has been published by *Time* magazine. This glimpse is taken from a forthcoming book by an American history professor, Roxane Witke, to whom Chiang Ch'ing told her "secrets" in the summer of 1972 when Professor Witke was in China looking into the status of women. In true Chinese fashion, Chiang Ch'ing remains an enigma to the West, both as a woman and a politician. That she was ambitious, unscrupulous, and luxury-loving is evident. It is also clear that she was a mistress of political intrigue, riding high with Mao's help through the ups and downs of Communist factional strife. Western readers are obliged to fall back on historic parallels for reference: Was she like Tz'u Hsi, empress dowager who presided over the last days of the Manchus? Was she a Marie Antoinette? Or, in our own day, an Evita Perón? Whatever the judgment, it is clear that Chinese politics have not changed nearly as much as the Communist leadership would like to have the rest of the world believe.

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About "Warning to the West" . . .

If you're already a Solzhenitsyn fan you'll welcome this addition to his available works. If you are not yet acquainted with this truly great man then there is no better way to find out why he *is* the man for our time than in this moving tribute to human freedom.

"Warning to the West" is a concise primer of Solzhenitsyn's thoughts on the Soviet threat and the moral decay of the West. It includes the complete texts of his major

speeches in this country, as well as the whole of the famous BBC interview that so startled Britain that even Bernard Levin of The London Times was moved to write with unaccustomed fervor: ". . . by his courage he demonstrates that there is no weight in the universe great enough to crush . . . the human longing for freedom." And in this country, Bill Buckley was so impressed, he devoted his *Firing Line* TV show to re-running the entire interview for the benefit of American audiences.

In fact, it's hard to overrate Solzhenitsyn's impact. Malcolm Muggeridge goes so far as to call him "the greatest man now alive in the world" and this book will give you a good idea *why* he makes such a statement. As Lane Kirkland says in his foreword, "A principle of mechanics tells us that, given a long-enough lever, one man can move the entire world." Solzhenitsyn is putting that principle to the test. Will America listen? Will you?

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■ Sergei Gusev had a complaint, and he brought it before the bar of public opinion, specifically to the *New York Times*' Op-Ed page. It seems one Andrei Sakharov had been besmirching the reputation of the Soviet Union, whereof Mr. Gusev is Deputy Prosecutor General. Reviewing Sakharov's record of wild anti-Soviet utterances, Mr. Gusev opined, "It is not precluded that were Sakharov a citizen of the United States he might well find himself behind bars." Whereas, with customary Soviet lenity, "we are so far applying only measures of a moral and preventive nature to Sakharov and some other persons." Weeks later, on the same page, Sakharov explained that he and his daughter's family were trying to get a single four-room apartment together, because those moral and preventive measures include "constant threats of murder against all seven members of the family, including two little children."

■ YOU FIGURE IT OUT DEPT.: Gang-of-Fourism, as explained by Pat and Roger Howard of the Guagdon Institute of Foreign Languages in Canton, in the March 9 Maoist *Guardian*: "The Gang of Four (and Lin Piao) were using an ultra-Left stance as a cover for a factional attempt to seize power. If the Gang of Four are incorrectly labeled leftists or ultra-'leftists,' this broadens the attack to include anyone who made honest 'Left' errors. This would play into the hands of the Right in a situation where an evaluation of the positive and negative results of the Cultural Revolution could present an opportunity for rightist attacks on the real positive breakthroughs that have occurred. This is the significance of the correct evaluation of the Gang of Four that has been made—that they were, in essence, ultra-rightists and not leftists."

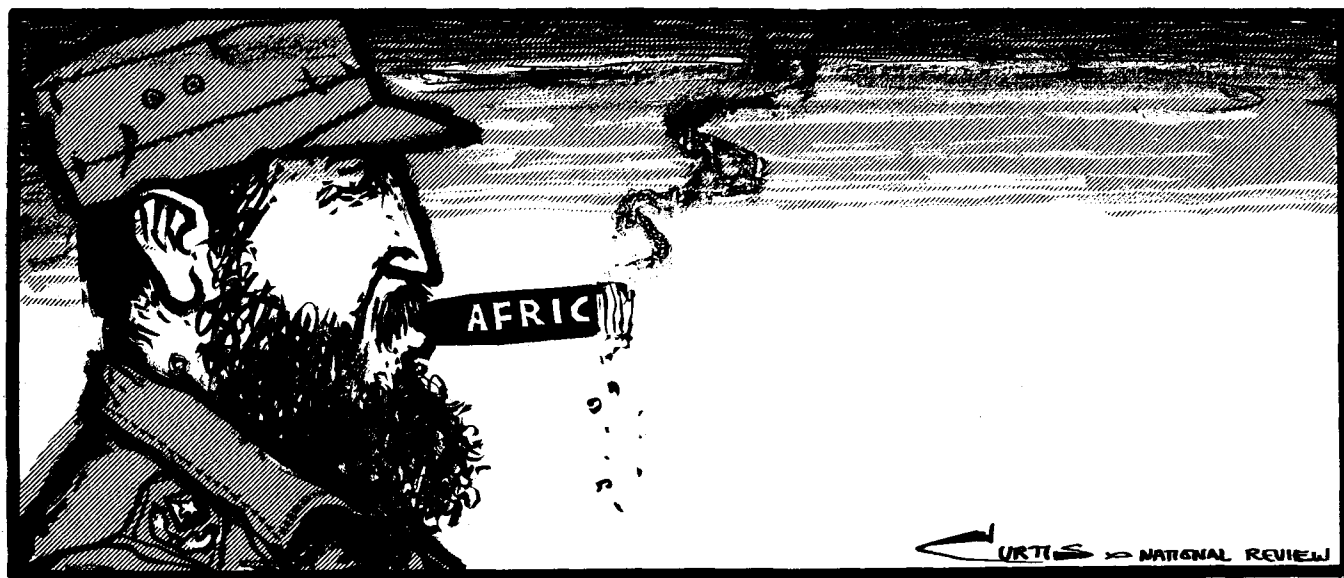
■ The New York Supreme Court, in a precedent-setting decision, has affirmed the right of winos to control their own bodies. Mr. Otis Simmons, a peripatetic Manhattanite, had been hoofing it around town in his bare feet

until he got frostbite, then gangrene. A bunch of doctors said he must accept amputation or die. Okay then, said Mr. Simmons, I'll die. No you won't, said the doctors, we're going to cut. The case went all the way up, Simmons won, and it looks like he's going to pull through.

■ After a female guard at all-male Attica was slashed in the face with a razor, New York's new asexual hiring policy became an issue. Reported the *New York Post*: "Spokesmen [sic] for several liberal groups, including the ACLU, declared yesterday that totally sex-blind job assignments are a violation of prisoners' rights." Because, you see, the state says the female guards may properly be assigned to supervise showers. The Solomons of egalitarianism are scratching their heads over that one. We're not quite sure how it came up, though, since the slashee was assaulted in the mess hall, and by a non-libertarian type.

■ After a Carter aide met with a group of homosexual activists, a lot of bourgeois morality raised its ugly head, and Jody Powell quickly issued a clarification: "For an organized group who feel they have a grievance that they are not treated fairly, for them to have a right to put that grievance before high officials and say 'We want redress,' that to me is what the essence of America is all about." Hear, hear! Henceforth no federal employee will be persecuted for looking on another man with lust in his heart.

■ You expect more stupidity from Washington, and you get it. Even so, we are awed by the matchless bone-headedness of the U.S. Customs Service ruling that shooting the rapids of, say, the Colorado River in a foreign-made rubber raft is a violation of the Jones Act, which prohibits coastal trading in U.S. waters by foreign vessels. We marvel that anyone could have conceived the question to pose it to the Customs Service. Next thing you know a Federal Rubber Raft Commission will



spend zillions to study the question and federal marshals will haul your raft in to inspect its registration.

■ **VOICES OF MODERATION:** Columnist Garry Wills, last seen arguing that Truman was worse than Stalin, is up to no good again. This time, in re the CIA's payments to King Hussein, he writes: "Our right wing has almost [always] been most critical of foreign aid. But now, out of loyalty to any sneak thieves with official cover, they defend foreign 'aid' so long as it is secret, corrupt, and corrupting." Mr. Wills is widely thought to be a werewolf.

■ *The New Lugano Review* (published at Via Maraini 17-A, 6900 Lugano, Switzerland) is—we say it again—a splendid piece of scholarly journalism. It appears irregularly, it is true, but its irregular appearances are regularly rewarding. Its most recent issue contains an admiring study of James Burnham by Brian Crozier, tracing Mr. Burnham's thought from the days when (imagine) a Trotskyist trade unionist put his arm around him and called him "Jimmy." Besides being a concise summary and generous tribute to his master, Mr. Crozier's article gives us a quietly chilling polemic against detente. The same issue contains essays by Maurice Cranston, Thomas Molnar, Arnold Beichman, and Max Beloff. Typical, and if you don't look into it, it serves you right to miss it.

■ We simply do not believe that the Carter Administration has had to turn down all sorts of favorable treaties and trade pacts with foreign governments who insist that we must observe human rights in this country.

Triple Play

Your globe, or global map, will explain without ambiguity the meaning of the Communist triple play launched—was there deliberate irony in the choice of date?—on the Ides of March. Fidel Castro flew—in a Soviet aircraft, is it necessary to add?—first to Algeria, then, in the days following, on to Libya, South Yemen, Ethiopia, Somalia, Tanzania, thence to Angola. Simultaneously, military units trained and directed by Cuban soldiers, and armed with Soviet weapons, moved from Cuban-occupied Angola into the copper, cobalt, and uranium treasure house in Zaire's Shaba province, formerly Katanga. On March 22, Soviet President Podgorny, in a Soviet supersonic transport, accompanied by a staff of 120, touched down in Tanzania. After several days in Zanzibar and mainland Tanzania, he flew on to Zambia, then to Mozambique.

Moscow with its auxiliaries—surely it should be obvious—has opened a "new and higher stage" in its campaign for strategic dominance in Africa. It began four months after Mozambique's ruling Frelimo movement

Quiet Arrogance

By 70 per cent, the polls
Approve of Carter and his goals,
So for the nonce he's undeterred
By warnings from O'Neill and Byrd;
Meanwhile, George Meany's off to sulk,
And round the White House, women skulk.
Let's face it, watching what he's done,
To whom, and how's been lots of fun:
Besides, if you've been born again,
Why bother counting up to ten?

W. H. VON DREELE

declared itself, in the presence of delegations from Moscow and the other Communist nations of East Europe, a "Marxist-Leninist party" dedicated to the goal of transforming Mozambique into a Marxist socialist state, and a few weeks before Angola's ruling MPLA is scheduled to do the same.

"The Soviet Union," Podgorny proclaimed looking over to Rhodesia from the African bank of the Zambesi, "together with the Republic of Zambia and other progressive African states, stands on the same side as the peoples of Zimbabwe [Rhodesia], Namibia [South-West Africa], and South Africa." In Lusaka, after a three-hour meeting with the leaders of the Rhodesian, South African, and South-West African black nationalists, he pledged that the Soviet government "will permanently support the just struggle of the fighters of southern Africa."

By the bold, open, flaunting character of this continent-embracing spectacular starring Castro and Podgorny, Moscow—surely this too is obvious—is conducting a critical test of the new American President. How has the new President replied? By 1) Removing all obstacles to American travel to Cuba and initiating talks about re-opening trade and political relations with the Cuban government. 2) Sending a trickle of non-combat supplies to Zaire and blurring the facts, known to every intelligence service in the world, that Cuban soldiers and Soviet arms are decisively involved in the invasion of Shaba. 3) Sending his Secretary of State to Moscow to negotiate—disarmament.

Up the Flagpole

As a candidate for the Presidency, Jimmy Carter often sounded—especially when visiting in the vicinity of the Northeast Corridor—more like an eager aspirant for Secretary of the Department of Housing and Urban Development. Fliers distributed by his campaign workers in New York City read: "I'll never tell the people of the greatest city in the world to drop dead." And he hasn't. In fact, he has declared himself willing to extend the

federal loan program five or six years past its expiration date of June 30, 1978. But he has also instructed his Secretary of the Treasury to inform New York, ever so politely, that the Federal Government will not approve the city's emergency loan application for \$255 million until the city comes up with a scheme permitting it to redeem \$1 billion it owes its short-term bondholders. From the Oval Office, Carter is able to survey the sordid machinations of the New York politicians like a flagpole sitter watching a panty-raid. He has achieved perspective.

The condition of New York City is spectacularly deplorable. Having taxed and taxed and spent and spent; having fulminated against suburbanites, the city's major reservoir of talent and creative energy; having treated business—including the banking business—as a kind of antisocial pariah; and having caved in on all fronts to the rapacious municipal unions and the insatiable and leechlike welfare establishment, New York has, in recent weeks, acceded once again to union demands for a wage increase for teachers. Concurrently, other municipal unions have been inveighing against the demands of the banks for an extension of spending controls, and refusing to invest their pension funds in municipal bonds under any plan that mandates such controls. Carter is 1,000 per cent correct in refusing to establish a precedent for federal rescue of whatever municipality chooses, irresponsibly, to spend more than it can raise.

But why stop with the pertinence of New York's plight to other cities? New York City's disastrous experience is as much an object lesson to the Federal Government as the plight of Great Britain. Yet President Carter has recently submitted his revisions of Mr. Ford's 1978 budget, and they do not reflect the common sense that Carter is supposed to have come by after having won a national election. Where Ford cut, Carter restores: back into the budget go increased monies for food stamps, nutrition programs, child care, Medicare, and

Now What?

From Angola, plans in hand,
Came a small, determined band
Trained in stealth and monkey biz,
Aimed at where the copper is.
In the bush, observers heard
Here and there a Spanish word,
Though Fidel insists they're just
Poor Katangans on a bust.
At the White House, what a fuss!
Cyrus called it "dangerous."
Jimmy sent some token aid
Of a safe, non-lethal grade.
If the Cubans won't skidoo,
What's a liberal to do?

W. H. VON DREELE

Medicaid. Ford's deficit was \$40 billion, his successor's \$57.7 billion. Perhaps the only vantage point from which Carter can attain the proper perspective on the federal budget is the Carter Library in Plains, Georgia, along about 1984 or maybe even 1980.

Rhodesian Blackout?

The U.S. may have declined as a world power but it has not lost its muscle to play bully boy to lesser nations seeking their place in the sun. The case in point is Rhodesia where, having reimposed sanctions on U.S. importation of chrome, the Administration is now moving to close down the Rhodesian Information Office in Washington, D.C., which over the years has proved a useful window allowing American journalists and other citizens to see what goes on in this small, far-away, and besieged country. The attack on this legitimate source of news material has been taking two forms which would seem to be linked by more than coincidence.

Like all other foreign news services, the Rhodesian Information Office is duly registered under the Foreign Agents Registration Act of 1935, which is administered by the Department of Justice. Under the law it is subject to periodic audit and check-up to see that the material it dispenses meets certain minimal requirements as to content and origin. In the past such audit has been cordial and courteous. In the latter part of March, however, three agents of the government drew up unannounced at 2852 McGill Terrace, the Office's headquarters, and began a minute inspection of all of its files in what the *Washington Post* has headlined as a full-fledged investigation of the "Rhodesian Lobby."

This concentrated though technically legal snooping followed by a few days a more important development—namely discussion by the United Nations Security Council in New York on March 18 (with U.S. Ambassador Andrew Young in the chair) of a British-inspired resolution aimed to put the Rhodesian Information Office completely out of business. Under informal arrangement, made after Rhodesia declared independence of Great Britain in 1965, the Office was able to obtain U.S. dollars for payment of salaries and expenses out of funds administered by the U.S. Treasury, in partial return for Rhodesian dollars which are needed by American missionaries and others doing business within Rhodesia. The proposed UN resolution would in effect prohibit such outpayment of U.S. money, leaving the Office high and dry. UN deliberations ran into difficulty from the Russians, of all people—though their stated complaint was that the sanction was not strict enough (cutting cable and telephone connections with Rhodesia might be preferable?). Despite this setback, the UN resolution is still very much alive. When and if it is passed, the U.S. would then be under pressure to implement it by Executive Order of the President in order to be in conformity with the UN (the same argument as was

used by the State Department in arguing for reimposed sanctions on Rhodesian chrome).

Why the Administration should even consider this further harassment of the government of Ian Smith passeth understanding, since under the terms of the Kissinger Agreement Mr. Smith has already promised his people majority rule in the next two years, and is steadfastly seeking to implement that commitment. But beyond that, it would appear that the whole effort to close down the Rhodesian Information Office raises at least two fundamental domestic issues. First, can the United Nations really make law for this country without any action by the U.S. Congress? If so, we are in a fair way to surrendering our sovereignty to the babble on the East River. Second, what has become of the principle of freedom of information and rights of journalists and all American citizens under the First Amendment to have access to the news within Rhodesia or anywhere else? Facts and figures supplied by the Rhodesian Information Office are not readily available in this country. Important speeches within the Rhodesian Parliament by blacks and whites are rarely reported in full by the news media. When one considers how much latitude is given to various countries hostile to the U.S. to disseminate virulent propaganda in this country, the proposal to single out Rhodesia for further punishment is preposterous and mean-spirited. But the basic constitutional issues go deeper than that; and, come to think of it, here would seem to be an ideal case for the American Civil Liberties Union to litigate all the way to the Supreme Court.

Disarmament Observations

In a recent article (*London Times*, March 28) recounting a visit he had just made to Berlin, Lord Chalfont writes:

"If one examines a little more closely the East German frontier guards who patrol the wall, it becomes clear that they constitute something substantially more than a prison service. They are equipped with tanks, artillery, heavy machine guns, and other modern mobile weapons—rather more, one would think, than they need to deal with the occasional dissident citizen making a terrified dash for the West.

"It may be, of course, that they are also there for purposes of military defense. Someone in the Kremlin may really believe that one day the Allied soldiers in West Berlin are going to burst irresistibly out of their barracks and annihilate the hundred thousand Russian and East German troops who surround the city. Well, if that is really the case, there is something else which needs to be explained.

"What is the reason for that strange concentration of East German troops at Glienicke, a point on the Berlin Wall opposite one of the principal Allied airfields? If they are defensive in purpose, why do they need the

latest bridging equipment? The only water obstacle is in front of them, in West Berlin.

"Why do they need chemical warfare vehicles? And, perhaps most significant of all, why is the sector of the East-West border immediately in front of them *the only sector along which no concrete wall has been built?*"

Phasing Out Security

It's almost seven years since the ruling junta of the American Civil Liberties Union launched another of its programs to improve the Republic: the Political Surveillance Project, whose primary goal was the dissolution of this nation's intelligence system. In the years since then, members of the PSP can point to quite a few trophies. First there was the termination of the Internal Security Division of the Justice Department and the Subversive Activities Control Board. In early 1975 came the first truly major triumph: the demise of the House Committee on Internal Security (called the House Committee on Un-American Activities until 1969), the hooligan organization that wasted so much time hounding such civil libertarians as Alger Hiss and Harry Dexter White and the brotherhoods of the Communist Party, Ku Klux Klan, and the Black Panthers. With the House having done its duty, embarrassed Senate liberals set about putting their own House in order by extinguishing what Senator Mark Hatfield was given to calling the last surviving "relic of the cold war" (he doesn't count Soviet imperialism), the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee. They hobbled it in 1975 and 1976 by severely restricting its funding, but they were not able to kill it outright. A few weeks ago, however, SISS joined the other trophies.

The instrument of death was Senator Adlai Stevenson's proposal for Senate reorganization. For some twenty years SISS has been headed by Judiciary Committee Chairman James Eastland, whose other preserves included the subcommittees on FBI Oversight and on Immigration and Naturalization. One of the provisions of Stevenson's reorganization was that no senator could chair more than one subcommittee, a not unreasonable effort to prevent senators from spreading themselves too thin, that would also allow some power to trickle down to the junior members. Unfortunately for SISS, Eastland chose the Immigration and Naturalization subcommittee as the one he wanted to keep. He offered SISS to other conservative members of Judiciary but had no takers. It required too much imagination to consider the subcommittee, as financially strapped as it was in its final days, a political plum. Its reports on such mundane topics as the Communist intelligence activities in the U.S. rarely received any attention, certainly nothing compared to the sensation that greets the voluptuous reports issued by Senator Church's subcommittee on the multinationals.

While there has been some speculation that SISS will

be placed under the jurisdiction of one of the remaining Judiciary subcommittees, the best hope of SISS supporters is that its duties and a nucleus of its staff will be assumed by the full Judiciary Committee, which was charged, in a Senate resolution of 1951, with the continuing study of "the administration, operations, and enforcement" of laws relating to espionage, sabotage, and the protection of the internal security of the United States. When the House Committee on Internal Security was disbanded two years ago, its supporters were assured that its functions would be assumed by the House Judiciary Committee, under Representative Peter Rodino. Nothing more has been heard about HCIS. Every year since then Representative John Ashbrook has tried, unsuccessfully, to force the House to live up to its promise. We should learn very soon whether Mr. Eastland will follow in the steps of Mr. Rodino. If he does, the ACLU will have yet another trophy.

Through the Looking-Glass

On Christmas Eve eight years ago Robert Williams, an escaped mental patient, abducted, raped, and murdered a ten-year-old girl in Des Moines, Iowa. No one denies Williams' guilt. A boy saw him load the girl's body into a car, wrapped in a blanket, two legs sticking out. Williams himself led police first to the girl's shoes, then to the blanket, finally to her body. Now in a 5 to 4 decision the U.S. Supreme Court has overturned the conviction.

The crux of the matter turns out to be the unconstitutional "interrogation" of Williams in a police car driving back to Des Moines after his arrest. Justice Powell, for example, spoke of "psychological coercion." What happened is this.

Williams was in the car alone with two policemen heading for Des Moines, where, he said, he would "tell the whole story." Three state officials and two lawyers had advised him of his constitutional right to remain silent. Before they had driven very far, one of the two police officers in the car said to Williams: "I want to give you something to think about while we're traveling down the road. . . . I want you to observe the weather conditions—it's raining, it's sleeting, it's freezing, driving is very treacherous, visibility is poor, it's going to be dark early this evening. They are predicting several inches of snow for tonight, and I feel that you yourself are the only person that knows where this little girl's body is, that you yourself have only been there once, and if you get snow on top of it, you yourself may be unable to find it. And, since we will be going right past the area on the way to Des Moines, I feel that we could stop and locate the body, that the parents of this little girl should be entitled to a Christian burial for this little girl who was snatched away from them on Christmas Eve and murdered. And I feel we should stop and locate it on the way rather than waiting until morning and trying to

Mr. Rabin Is Confused

God worked six days, then rested,
According to His plan;
George Goethals pondered blueprints
Before he built one span;
Grant charted each offensive
Until he took the South;
But Carter does his planning
By opening his mouth.

W. H. VON DREELE

come back out after a snowstorm and possibly not being able to find it at all. . . . I do not want you to answer me. I don't want to discuss it further."

After reflecting for an hour, Williams led the police to the shoes, blanket, and body.

Justices voting to overturn the conviction actually used such terms as "interrogation," "catching the criminal at any price," and "psychological coercion" to describe the above incident.

Columnist George Will is entirely accurate in characterizing this judicial absurdity as "fanaticism." As Will writes: "Arguing that Williams was 'deprived' of his right to counsel, the Court majority transformed the right not to answer questions into a right not to be asked questions . . . So a killer whose guilt is not questioned may go free because five justices disapprove of a policeman's single statement that neither jeopardized a fair trial nor risked conviction of an innocent person. The five are fastidious to the point of fanaticism. They have distorted, not defended, prior rulings on suspects' rights. They have not served justice."

In reading the tortuous judicial reasoning of the five-man majority in this case, the impression is absolutely overwhelming of sheer incompetence blended with sclerotic ideology. It would be nice to think that this decision will do for the credibility of the Supreme Court what the ban on saccharin is doing for the credibility of the FDA.

Cheapskates

Government spending on health, education, and welfare amounted to \$331.4 billion in 1976. That was 20.6 per cent of all spending (GNP)—up from 17.6 per cent in 1974, 10.5 per cent in 1960. Adding private spending for the same purposes brings the sum up to 27.5 per cent of the nation's entire output of goods and services.

Government social spending in 1976 amounted to \$1,514 for (or from) every man, woman, and child in the country. On a real per capita basis, adjusting for both inflation and population growth, that figure is more than five times what was spent in 1950.

A contributor to the *New York Times Book Review*,

Professor George Fredrickson, suggests that our "ruling class ideology . . . is serving as an excuse for avoiding the heavy public expenditures required to give the poor and disadvantaged a fair chance to develop their capacities as human beings."

Special Interests

Although attention has focused on the macroeconomic policies of the new Administration. i.e., policies affecting the economy as a whole, the retreat of microeconomic reforms may end up costing consumers even more.

We have a new Secretary of Agriculture who clearly favors a soak-the-poor policy of high price-supports, with all the inevitable nonsense of using tax dollars to pay farmers not to farm, and ruining the agricultural development of poor countries by dumping our surplus on them as aid. We have a Secretary of Transportation who ignores the overwhelming evidence in favor of deregulation and denationalization. We have a variety of energy czars who appear determined to seek scapegoats and perpetuate uncertainty, rather than undo the folly of price controls on domestic oil and gas. And we have an International Trade Commission that advocates mercantilist protection for U.S. industries that can't compete. If we must have a Cost of Living Council, the public sector will be providing more than enough mandated price increases to keep them busy.

Will Herberg, R I P

For over one year, Will Herberg was out of action, hospitalized, and for the most part comatose. It was for that reason something of a relief when on Sunday, March 27, he died, as surely destined as anyone who has recently walked this earth for reunion with his Maker.

It is not feasible to say here anything substantial enough about him to satisfy his friends, appease his students, or adorn his memory. Accordingly, we shall devote a substantial part of a forthcoming issue to essays on Will Herberg. At his funeral service at Drew University, with which he had a love affair, ardently requited, for the last 21 years, distinguished men, rabbis, professors, theologians—Protestant, Catholic, Jewish—rose to speak about different aspects of his career, his achievements, and his character. All were awed by his erudition, moved by his energy and compassion, intrigued by the depths of his religious faith. One speaker remarked Will Herberg's near-miraculous recovery from an illness, a half-dozen years ago, that everyone was certain would bring him down. Instead, he recovered and returned fiercely to work, athwart even the paralyzing sorrow of his wife's death. During these years he served also as religion editor for NATIONAL REVIEW—the Orthodox Jew, who sometimes sounded like a Chris-

tian triumphalist. If he had a specialty, it was in explicating abstruse thought. He could not stand to husband to himself the fruit of his singular penetration. On his death he bequeathed his post-conversion library—he abandoned Communism in the Thirties—to Drew University: thirty thousand volumes, fastidiously annotated in his own hand.

We shall miss him as a friend, a colleague, and a mentor.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

What you said about Lopez Rega in your February 1 column! I really felt sorry for the man. Perhaps his true failure was in his analysis of the chicken entrails. Rega must certainly have been unfamiliar with the many methods developed by modern economists for use in CEF (Chicken Entrail Forecasting).

First we have "Galbraithian Chicken Entrail Analysis," which is set forth in that classic economics textbook, *The Theory of Constipated Poultry*.

If you didn't graduate from Harvard, you may prefer another method known as the "von Mises-Friedman Approach," which requires that one must ask the permission of the chicken before gutting it.

Then, of course, we have the "Meany Method," wherein the entrail reader uses only organized chickens.

Finally, for those who prefer a bit of government-regulated safety, modern democracy has developed the "Naderite Fowl"—the only problem is that when you attempt to cut it open and examine the insides, the gizzard inflates into an airbag, and quite often explodes.

As to Rega's mistakes—let us not condemn an "entire generation of chickens" to a life of drudgery in broodhouses, and to the degradation of forever being nameless hens in some rooster's repressive harem, simply because Mr. Rega couldn't read his entrails right.

Sincerely,
Tom Tyler III
Dickinson, Tex.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Every time I read something about you, you are always having to go to court to sue some character who called you a fascist. (Maybe it is all the same suit; I never can keep it straight.) Anyway, it is costing you a bundle to defend yourself against this libel, and even though you are as rich as Jed Clampett, I sympathize with you as the family fortune melts away.

As far as I'm concerned the conservative community should be helping you absorb these exorbitant costs—

after all, you're our leader! Therefore, I propose that the Committee to Assist William Buckley in Defending Himself against Charges of Fascism by Some Irresponsible Left-winger be formed. The CAWBDHCFSIL could raise money to help you take every left-winger who calls you a fascist to court. The Committee could keep a standing fund just for this purpose. You would have your own, personal American Civil Liberties Union!

I would like to chair the Committee, but I don't have any money to contribute. Nevertheless, I intend to pass the hat around at school, and when the Committee comes into existence, I'll send the money on up. Buckley honor must be defended!

Sincerely,
R. E. Phillip Linderman II
Alpharetta, Ga.

Dear Mr. Chairman: Done! And many thanks. WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

If your magazine can't afford to lose *me*, you *are* in trouble and I regret it. I like you guys, I really do!

But receiving your magazine in my home is getting to be more and more like being, forgive me, visited by Death. I wonder what I did wrong to deserve it: all those grim caricatures and maudlin banners, drop it!

You're not personally disconsolate, are you? Then why should your magazine arrive like a bomb? You know I wouldn't have ordered it if I wasn't already receptive.

Those who are enlightened do not behave as though they were imminently threatened with losing their enlightenment.

There are no truths in danger of extinction.

NR really needn't go under.

We adore you.

From the heart,
Robert E. (L.) Martin
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Mr. Martin: We are laughing on the outside.
Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Since you ask for comments on the letter from Mr. Bryan F. Griffin in the January 21 issue of *NR*, here is my reaction to his proposal.

If I want to study the liberal view of some issue, I encounter no problem in gaining access to it. Indeed, my only problem is in limiting its access to myself. It is all about me, on the radio, on television, in the newspapers, and in virtually all magazines published in the United States. *NATIONAL REVIEW* is the only refuge afforded me from this plethora of liberal thought and prejudice. I subscribe to the magazine because it offers me considered and varied conservative views. To the extent that you allow "alternative" views to intrude, my interest in the magazine will wane. Of course *NATIONAL*



"I guess I've arrived. I've got a huge house with a pool, a key to the executive washroom, and an exhilarating case of liberal guilt."

REVIEW is a freak. It is one magazine that is unabashedly conservative. And it says so. *Time* and *Newsweek* are liberal without saying so, which of course confers a false appearance of impartiality on them. It is easy for liberals to come out in favor of impartiality when they are speaking about *NATIONAL REVIEW*. Their version of impartiality is identical to the Soviets' view of detente. I have read their criticisms of *TV Guide's* "Newswatch" column, as they evince outrage that almost all of the writings therein are of a conservative hue. To them that smacks of news-slanting, while of course it never occurs to them that Walter Cronkite slants his remarks. To them, fairness would be served if Cronkite were to continue to say whatever he pleases, while the writers of "Newswatch" were more balanced in their criticism. Partisanship is a good thing only when it is liberal partisanship.

I implore you not to compromise *NATIONAL REVIEW's* identity to even the slightest degree by trying to seem balanced or impartial. Personally, I like having at least one literate magazine around that is honestly biased in my favor (it being possible to be biased toward a particular view while remaining unprejudiced on any particular issue).

Russell W. Martin
Garden Grove, Calif.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

But is conservatism *fun*?

Cordially,
Richard Chonak

Dear Mr. Chonak: Yes. But it's very hard work.

Cordially,
—WFB

Carterland Impressions

JAMES BURNHAM

BY ALL VISIBLE signs, religion—evangelical religion, specifically—is flourishing in the Southeastern states. We covered a good deal of the Carolinas, the eastern half of Georgia, and southern Virginia. In cities, towns, villages, and the thinly settled backwoods (which are very back indeed) there are new and newly refurbished churches. These are mostly Baptist or Methodist, but many belong to the infinite variety of lesser but resoundingly named evangelical sects, and here and there, looking self-consciously out of place, they are Episcopal, Presbyterian, or Roman.

Hundreds of the Baptist and Methodist churches look brand new. Although a few of these are in a radically contemporary style, most are plain rectangular brick boxes, like their predecessors. Frequently, however, the new church proper is only one side or wing of a more complex structure with space for Sunday school, church auxiliaries, in some cases church-affiliated primary schools. Many older as well as new churches have been fitted with distinctive and visually interesting wooden steeples painted a bright white, with four concave sides converging in a sharp peak.

It is not only the new that is spick and span. The older churches have been spruced up so that they, like the new, are the neatest buildings in their neighborhood. Nor is this scrubbing—much more noticeable than on our last trip to this region, two years ago—confined to Baptists and Methodists. Many of the wooden churches of the minor sects, in side streets or off by themselves away from town or village, are freshly painted and repaired.

On Sundays the parking lots of the Methodist and Baptist churches and of most others are jammed morning and evening: the church members are church goers, and their children go to Sunday school. All the local papers carry many columns of church news, notices, and ads for sermons, visiting evangelists, special activities, revivals.

There are always religious programs—sermons, lessons, hymns—being broadcast from local radio and TV stations.

I had the feeling, driving back north, that the advent of a born-again Baptist to the Presidency was at the appointed time.

Litter and Manners

2. Our Southern states (I draw here on earlier impressions westward to the Mississippi as well as on the ground last month) are messier than our Northern, and Georgia is the messiest. I mean “messy” in a simple, physical, visible way. The sides of most Southern roads are shrouded in litter—paper, glass, plastic, rubber, metal. There is an extraordinary amount of crushed glass—acutely noticeable to those who travel with dogs. Many stretches of ground in roadside rest areas, small parks, gas stations are paved with pull-tabs from beer and soft drink cans.

The South seems to have ignored the national campaign to hide auto graveyards. The environs of restaurants, stores, small office buildings, even medical clinics, are likely to be heaped with miscellaneous debris. The tottering shacks, drooping cottages, and patched-up cabins of the rural poor are surrounded, sometimes engulfed, by piles of rusty car bodies, abandoned machines and tools, discarded furniture, bottles, paper, ruined outhouses, garbage, broken fence wire, old bathtubs, rotting lumber. The rural slums—small enterprises as well as backwood shacks—are the medalists, but there are impressive mess collectors in some of the homes up the economic line. Even around many substantial houses you see summer chairs only half put away, a child's worn-out wagon or tricycle abandoned, an overflowing refuse pail, and other such flotsam with a frequency you could never match in New England.

It occurred to me that this messiness of Southerners might be a correlate of their civility—the almost uni-

versal courtesy that, also, you can seldom match in New England—and, perhaps, in some mysterious way, of their better food. Maybe it's a question of priorities.

Escapes from the Chain Gangs

3. Whatever the explanation, the concerned traveler can still find good food in the South. True, the fast food chains are advancing with Shermanesque ruthlessness. The giant logos of Big Mac, Hardee, Burger King, Kentucky Fried Chicken, Dairy Queen, and the rest of the invaders rise from the elongating strips along with those of their regional imitators. In some Southern towns, as elsewhere in the country, there remain for local citizen as well as traveler only the normally tasteless restaurants of a Holiday Inn, Howard Johnson, or Ramada. But in many towns a guerrilla cook still hangs on, often in an unpretentious hideout that only an experienced eye will spot. Who could have guessed that a bare plastic-tabled café in the village of Darien, on the lesser road through the coastal wasteland between Charleston and Savannah, would serve for lunch a true fresh flounder, not dissected into those meager, pale fillets we Northerners must be content with, but perfectly broiled with head still on and skeleton in place, dressed in his fine dark skin, and beside him hot, delectable hush-puppies and fresh, imaginative cole slaw? Or that the best food in Georgetown, South Carolina, is found in the local lodge of the Loyal Order of Moose?

Here and there a larger region has so far escaped inundation by the frozen-food glacier. New Orleans and the Cajun country of southeastern Louisiana have the best American food, but the seafood you can get on the Georgia coast is hard to beat. Brunswick, Georgia, has reason for its claim to be “The World's Shrimp Capital.” Savannah has a number of restaurants that serve first-rate food, and at least one—the Pink House, named for the old and handsome house it occupies—deserves, for ambience (as the restaurant-raters say) and service as well as food, a star or two. By some zoning law or miracle, there are no chain eateries on St. Simons Island, and there is good food—fresh scallops, shrimp, flounder, and superb specialties like she-crab soup—at the half-dozen reasonably priced

local restaurants with names like Crab Trap and the admirably nostalgic Blanche's Courtyard. In the South, even some of the motel chain affiliates provide good food: witness the Holiday Inn at Danville, Virginia.

New Orleans excepted, Southerners don't seem interested in wine. Perhaps it has something to do with the fact that there are no vineyards in the South: wine is alien corn.

Local Boy on the Potomac

4. I had expected to find enthusiasm about the local boy who made it all the way to the White House, about the symbolic end of the Civil . . . that is, the War between the States, and the country's new beginning under Southern leadership. Such there may be, but we nowhere came across it. Those persons I heard talking about Carter were mostly negative. My sampling was flawed, but in the local press, too, there was little applause for Jimmy, and not a little sarcastic fun with his populist symbol ceremonies.

It became my impression that most people don't feel strongly one way or another about the new Administration. Prevailing opinion, by the evidence of both public media and private talk, has shrunk the field of "politics," and become indifferent to macropolitics—to SALT, energy, Africa, unemployment, and all those other vast imponderables. The politics of active concern focuses within the local, state, or at most regional boundaries, not the nation or globe, and concentrates on the mundane relation of politics to palpable things—contracts, subsidies, jobs, pay-offs, unions, credit, and so on. Even in the region's leading newspaper, the *Atlanta Constitution*, "Senate" in a headline meant Georgia's senate, not Washington's, and the big issue of one week was a proposed law (finally passed) to increase the permitted width of mobile homes towed on public roads to 14 feet. The local TV newscasters were still more narrowly aimed, with scandals involving politicians unfailingly part of their output.

Both the indifference to macropolitics and the attention to profitable angles in micropolitics suggest a cynical (or realistic) view of politics as a mix of demagoguery, which a sensible person disregards, and deals, which a sensible person tries to get in on. This sort of attitude, remarked by various observers,

is usually diagnosed as a "reaction to Watergate." There may be something in this, though I rather think the cynical (or realistic) attitude is a reaction not merely to the exposure of the Watergate villains but to the continuing exposures of the expositors: to the myriad, if more demurely publicized, revelations that there was nothing the Watergaters did that hadn't been done more and slicker by the crowd that fingered them.

5. There hasn't been much publicized racial trouble in the South lately. I heard talk of high-school riots every now and then, bringing school shut-downs for a few days, but nothing rough enough to make the national media. It is obvious, though, that the racial fission has not fused; there is a truce between two camps, not a dissolution into one community.

Such integration as has in actuality come about seems bureaucratized and external, not of the spirit. At the Welcome Stations near state boundaries, one white girl and one black girl are on duty, and one black with one white are at the gate of Cypress Gardens, now run by the city of Charleston. In Asheville as in scores of cities, public-school integration is, also, strictly by the numbers. The Asheville population is 25 per cent black; each morning a 25 per cent quota of black children is bused from the black district to formerly all-white schools in the white district, and a 25 per cent quota of white children bused to the formerly all-black schools in the black district; and every afternoon they are bused right back again.

Lines Visible and Invisible

Blacks can vote now, and there is a growing—though still not very large—number of black elected officials, headed by Atlanta's mayor, a few congressmen, and some state legislators. There are many black employees in federal and state agencies, factories, and larger stores.

In some jobs, though, where blacks were often, sometimes exclusively, present, they have all but disappeared. During three and a half weeks of traveling, we were in only one restaurant—a Howard Johnson's for breakfast—where there was a black waiter or waitress. Golf carts for white golfers have replaced black caddies. The service staffs of many motels are white.

Especially in the cities, lawn and garden work is shifting to whites.

In Southern cities, towns, and even villages, Dark Town was always an unmistakably defined sector, and Dark Town still unmistakably exists. In some places it is still the assembly of crooked, unpainted wooden cottages—always with a leaning porch bearing two or three ancient chairs—of generations past. In others, some of these old structures have been fixed up, but they continue to be the homes of blacks only. Looking for an inn late one afternoon in Easton, Maryland, we drove through several blocks of new ranch homes on adequate lots, with late model cars in the driveways. It was only after we had seen children playing in several yards and parents coming home from work or sitting in the mild air that we realized this, too, was Dark Town, externally metamorphosed but as rigorously defined as ever.

There were two or three black guests at two or three of the motels where we stayed, and at a Howard Johnson's near Annapolis a black-white group of Illinois high-school counselors the Navy had in tow for a PR tour of the Academy, but white only at all the rest. The reason is not self-evident. Except, again, for the restaurants of those two or three motels and a couple of chain restaurants where, perforce, we had lunch, there were no black customers at any of the restaurants—large or small, plain or fancy, expensive or cheap—at which we ate. There were plenty of blacks on the road, many of them in expensive cars. There was presumably no economic and certainly no legal barrier to their staying at any motel and eating at any restaurant that suited their fancy. My recent impressions were limited in range and type and excluded big cities, but within those limits I can only conclude that the blacks do not want to lodge or eat with whites.

Some students of our black-white relations believe we are moving toward a combination of political and economic integration with voluntary social segregation, and that a genuine community between black and white can rest on that frame. Our new ambassador to the UN implied a more discouraging analysis when he told us, a few weeks ago, that there would be civil war in the U.S. if American soldiers were ordered to fight alongside white Rhodesians and South Africans. □

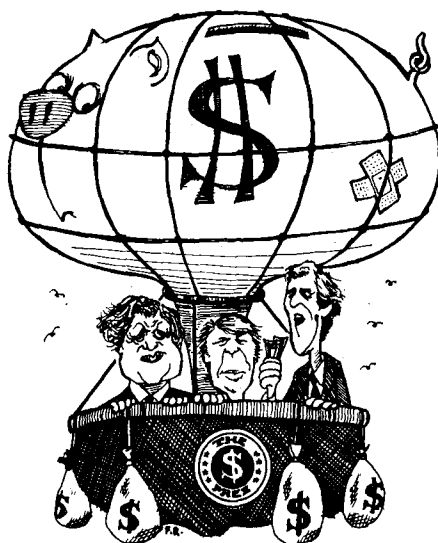
President Carter and the Honeymooners

JOHN DRAKE
and
SVEND PETERSEN

ONE THING there would seem to be no shortage of is congressional rating indexes. There are already the ADA, COPE, ACA, NSI, NAB, LCV, and CFA indexes, to name just a few. However, although the indexers come to a wide variety of conclusions, they all start by using the same method: they decide which is the "correct" way to vote on several key bills, and they then give each congressman a numerical rating which consists of his percentage of "correct" votes.

Our index, on the other hand, concerns itself exclusively with the spending of tax dollars; and it rates congressmen not on how they voted on other people's bills, but on the spending bills they themselves sponsored or co-sponsored. There are two ways in which this index should be useful: 1) it will tell us who is responsible for initiating big spending bills, and we can then alert the voters in these congressmen's districts so that they know whom to blame when their taxes go up; 2) it will provide an early warning of the kind of spending legislation which is being considered, providing an opportunity to intervene in the legislative process *before* the legislation is enacted.

In this initial report we have looked only at the House of Representatives, and we have concentrated on the biggest of the big potential spenders. Only bills which have *not* become law are included, because we are interested in determining who is introducing big



spending bills which are not yet acceptable to majorities in both Houses of Congress. We then determined how much spending would have been required in each fiscal year from 1975 to 1980 if each of the bills introduced during the 94th Congress had been passed. Finally, we determined the sponsor and co-sponsor of each bill, and compiled a master file of bills and an individual file for each congressman.

The results show that by about mid-1976 (when our monitoring had to be suspended), the 94th Congress had proposed bills that would have cost a staggering \$943,934,496,000 through

1980. Since this nearly \$1 trillion is *in addition to* the normal federal operating budget, it's easy to imagine what enactment would do to the average household's taxes. For example, in fiscal 1975 each household would have had to pay almost \$3,000 additional tax to the Federal Government; each household would have had to pay an average of almost \$2,200 additional tax each year from 1975 to 1980. And of course, if the spenders got their way over this legislation, still more legislation not yet even proposed would be added to this burden over the years.

Before looking at the specific measures which would lead to these catastrophic increases in federal spending, let's turn to the list of those proposing the legislation. The big spenders, a round dozen, are listed (in order) in the table below. (The 13th on the list, had she been re-elected, would have been Bella Abzug, D., N.Y., with 469.3).

All the congressmen on the list are Democrats; with two exceptions they come from three states (five from New York, three from California, and two from Massachusetts); and each sponsored or co-sponsored at least half of the total dollar value of all the legislation proposed. This listing will probably

Congressman	Billions of Dollars
Augustus F. Hawkins	510.2
Stephen J. Solarz	506.1
Michael J. Harrington	504.1
Don Edwards	495.7
Frederick W. Richmond	491.1
Herman Badillo	490.0
Robert F. Drinan	487.7
John M. Murphy	486.9
Robert A. Roe	483.0
Elizabeth Holtzman	480.7
James C. Corman	476.5
Thomas L. Ashley	470.7

Mr. Drake is a Washington-based investigative reporter. Mr. Petersen, aside from preparing NR's Trans-O-Gram, worked on the presidential campaign of Robert Taft and the staff of former Senator Gordon Allott.

Congressman	Number of bills
Harrington	72
Murphy	53
Solarz	51
*Ottinger, Richard L. (D., N.Y.)	49
Badillo	48
*Stark, Fortney H. (D., Calif.)	46
*Rodino, Peter W. (D., N.J.)	45
Edwards	44
Roe	43
*Koch, Edward (D., N.Y.)	41
Richmond	41
Drinan	40
*Not on previous list	

confirm the suspicion of most readers that a rather small number of congressmen from these three states play a very important role in steering Congress to-

What emerges from this table is that *every single* big-spending congressman is a Democrat, and that 80 per cent of the big spenders are from eight states: four in the Northeast, three in the Midwest, and California. Looking at these numbers from another angle, over one-third of all congressmen and over one-half of all Democrats from these eight states are on the list. (The names of all eighty congressmen are included at the end of this article, lest their constituents not know what they have been up to.)

To consider the problem in terms of the legislation itself, there are six major bills that have been sponsored or co-sponsored by a large percentage of the

sored them. These 11 bills account for a total of almost \$600 billion, or just short of two-thirds of the total proposed spending. The largest of them is the House version of Senator Edward Kennedy's Health Security Act. Had it been enacted in the last Congress, the conservative estimate is that it would have cost \$100 billion each year commencing with fiscal 1977. This single bill thus accounts for just over 40 per cent of the total proposed spending; since it is such an important contribution to the total, no congressman was able to sponsor or co-sponsor sufficient legislation to qualify for the big-spending list if he had not associated his name with this bill.

The table below sets out the 11 bills; but first, we should emphasize that a bill is not necessarily without merit simply because it is on the list. No attempt has been made to evaluate the efficacy of the bills or to determine whether they fulfill a legitimate need; the sole qualifying characteristic is that they involve the expenditure of large sums of money. A summary of each of these bills (two of them in their better-known Senate versions) appears at the end of this article.

THIS REPORT has given the preliminary results of what amounts to a pilot project to determine if it would be of value to compile these summary statistics on Congress—on both the House and the Senate, and on all members—on a continuing basis. If it is felt that this approach is useful in combatting the excessive spending tendencies in Congress, then the cost involved in gathering the data will be well repaid.

State	Number of		Percentage of State's Delegation	Percentage of Delegation's Democrats
	Democrats	Republicans		
New York	15	0	38	56
California	12	0	28	43
Michigan	10	0	53	83
New Jersey	10	0	67	83
Massachusetts	5	0	42	50
Illinois	4	0	17	31
Ohio	4	0	17	50
Pennsylvania	4	0	16	29
Florida	2	0	13	20
Minnesota	2	0	25	40
Missouri	2	0	20	22
Washington	2	0	29	33
Wisconsin	2	0	22	29
Arizona	1	0	25	100
Connecticut	1	0	17	25
Hawaii	1	0	50	50
Maryland	1	0	13	20
Rhode Island	1	0	50	50
Texas	1	0	4	5
Totals	80	0	18	28

ward ever larger federal spending programs.

If we look at the number of spending bills sponsored and co-sponsored instead of at the dollar value, many of the same names appear; but, as the table at the top of this page shows, the order is somewhat different. (If Bella Abzug had been re-elected, she would have been listed second with 53 bills.)

Again, the additions to the list come mainly from New York and California. However, New Jersey now has two entries (Roe and Rodino), and is tied with Massachusetts.

If we change our focus from individual members of Congress to state congressional delegations, a similar pattern of big-spending states emerges. (To be included in the table above, a congressman had to sponsor or co-sponsor at least \$400 billion worth of legislation.)

eighty congressmen; another five are sufficiently important to deserve mention even though few of the eighty congressmen have sponsored or co-spon-

	Billions of Dollars	Number of Sponsors and Co-Sponsors
1. Health Security Act	400	80
2. Public Service Employment Act	50	1
3. National Energy and Conservation Corporation Act	35	32
4. National Electrical Energy Conservation Act	33.5	25
5. Electric Power Production Authority Act	30.6	1
6. Homeowners' Loan Act	10	3
7. Comprehensive Child Development Act	9.07	10
8. Bill to provide useful work for unemployed	8.5	3
9. Intergovernmental Emergency Assistance Act	7	1
10. Local Public Works Capital Development and Investment Act	5	49
11. Intergovernmental Anti-Recession Assistance Act*	4	27
	592.67	

*A number of variants of this bill were introduced. The variant used in this table is the smallest of the several.

**Congressmen Sponsoring or Co-Sponsoring More Than
\$400 Billion (through 1980) of Non-Enacted Legislation in the
94th Congress**

	Billions of Dollars		Billions of Dollars
ARIZONA			
Morris K. Udall	439.8	MISSOURI	
		Richard Bolling	409.3
		William Clay	401.6
CALIFORNIA			
Glenn M. Anderson	406.7	NEW JERSEY	
George E. Brown Jr.	453.1	Dominick V. Daniels ²	449.5
James C. Corman	476.5	James J. Florio	443.4
Don Edwards	495.7	Henry Helstoski ²	446.5
Augustus F. Hawkins	510.2	James J. Howard	407.4
John J. McFall	440.1	Gene A. Maguire	441.4
George Miller	439.3	Helen S. Meyner	406.7
John E. Moss	439.8	Edward J. Patten	405.7
Edward R. Roybal	412.9	Peter W. Rodino Jr.	421.9
Leo J. Ryan	442.8	Robert A. Roe	483.0
Fortney H. Stark	455.0	Frank Thompson Jr.	449.2
Lionel Van Deerlin	401.5		
CONNECTICUT			
Toby Moffett	442.1	NEW YORK	
		Bella S. Abzug ²	469.3
		Joseph P. Addabbo	410.2
		Herman Badillo	490.0
		Jonathan B. Bingham	445.9
FLORIDA		Shirley A. Chisholm	404.9
William Lehman	405.9	Elizabeth Holtzman	480.7
Claude D. Pepper	454.8	Edward I. Koch	414.7
		John M. Murphy	486.9
HAWAII		Henry J. Nowak	414.6
Spark M. Matsunaga ¹	411.8	Richard L. Ottinger	451.7
		Charles B. Rangel	441.1
		Frederick W. Richmond	491.1
ILLINOIS		Benjamin S. Rosenthal	453.3
Frank Annunzio	404.2	James H. Scheuer	421.6
Cardiss Collins	413.9	Stephen J. Solarz	506.1
Abner J. Mikva	408.4		
Sidney R. Yates	437.2	OHIO	
		Thomas L. Ashley	470.7
MARYLAND		Charles J. Carney	444.1
Paul S. Sarbanes ¹	408.7	John F. Seiberling Jr.	403.8
		Louis Stokes	444.6
		PENNSYLVANIA	
MASSACHUSETTS		Joshua Eilberg	450.2
Robert F. Drinan	487.7	Joseph M. Gaydos	406.1
Michael J. Harrington	504.1	William J. Green ²	400.1
John J. Moakley	438.6	Robert N. C. Nix	452.9
Gerry E. Studds	442.7		
Paul E. Tsongas	410.5	RHODE ISLAND	
		Fernand J. St. Germain	415.5
MICHIGAN			
James J. Blanchard	420.2	TEXAS	
William M. Brodhead	439.9	Robert Eckhardt	402.2
M. Robert Carr	453.5		
John Conyers Jr.	424.0	WASHINGTON	
Charles C. Diggs Jr.	406.0	Mike McCormack	407.5
William D. Ford	455.9	Lloyd Meeds	440.1
Lucien N. Nedzi	440.0		
James G. O'Hara ²	456.0	WISCONSIN	
Donald W. Riegle Jr. ¹	443.2	Alvin J. Baldus	410.7
Bob Traxler	404.7	Henry S. Reuss	410.4
MINNESOTA			
Donald M. Fraser	415.2		
James L. Oberstar	409.0		

1. Elected to the Senate, November 1976

2. Not re-elected to the House, November 1976

DESCRIPTION OF BILLS*

1. Health Security Act. Kennedy. Finance. Provides that all residents of the United States are eligible for comprehensive health-care protection administered by the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. The bill would be financed by payroll taxes which would be matched dollar for dollar by general revenue contributions to the Health Security Trust Fund. The employer would pay a 3.5 per cent tax on his total payroll and the employee would pay a 1 per cent tax on his total income up to 150 per cent of the Social Security taxable earnings base. All unearned income would be taxed at the rate of 2.5 per cent if it amounted to over \$400 in a given year. Self-employed persons would pay a 2.5 per cent tax on the same taxable base as ordinary employees. The Fund would be given a two-year period to build up a reserve before it would be obliged to pay out any monies for benefits.

2. Public Service Employment Act. Hawkins. Education and Labor. Declares that many persons who have become unemployed or underemployed as a result of technological changes or as a result of shifts in the pattern of federal expenditures could be usefully employed. This Act employs such persons in jobs supplying needed public services, and provides appropriate training and related services. Establishes a special economic development assistance program and authorizes the Secretary of Labor to use not more than 10 per cent of the funds available under this Act for each fiscal year to provide financial assistance to eligible applicants for economic development, low-cost housing, public works, and economic opportunity programs designed to assist in the long-range improvement of the economy in areas of substantial unemployment. Directs the Secretary to carry out pilot projects and a program of research into alternative ways and means to reach full employment.

3. National Energy and Conservation Corporation Act. McFall. Interior and Insular Affairs, Science, and Technology. Establishes a National Energy and Conservation Corporation to achieve specific goals, including: 1) the exploration and development of public lands and tideland oil, natural gas, oil shale, and coal, either independently or in partnership with private industry; and 2) the acceleration of the creation and demonstration of specified technologies. Declares it to be the policy of Congress that costs of production of offshore oil and natural gas and the manufacture of liquid and gaseous fuels from oil shale and coal will be funded through

* This summary does not include every provision of each bill.

appropriations should such costs exceed market prices. The Corporation may conduct research and development with a view toward improving the technology related to the use of oil shale, gasification of coal, geothermal steam, and solar energy as sources of energy for domestic and industrial uses in the United States. The Corporation is authorized to issue bonds, with the approval of the Secretary of the Treasury (not to exceed \$30 billion outstanding at any one time), in order to obtain funds to carry out the provisions of this Act. Payment of interest and principal on such bonds shall be guaranteed by the United States. Authorizes \$5 billion for the purpose of carrying out the provisions of this Act.

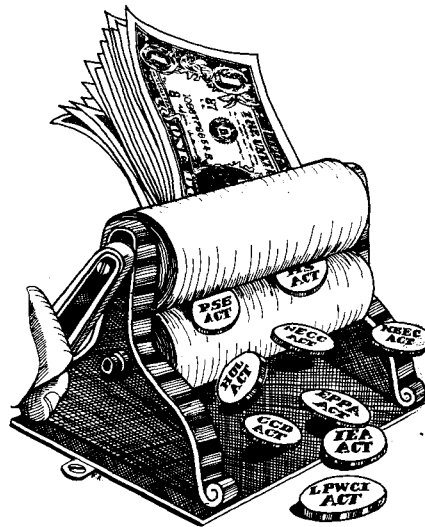
4. National Electrical Energy Conservation Act. *Ottinger. Interstate and Foreign Commerce.* Title I creates a National Power Grid Corporation to establish and operate a national power grid system consisting of electric power generating facilities and a system of very high voltage transmission lines which shall connect such facilities and the transmission systems of each regional corporation established by the Corporation pursuant to this Act. Provides that such regional corporations shall be the exclusive marketing agency for the National Grid in that region. Authorizes electrical utilities, publicly or privately owned, to enter into agreements for services with the regional corporations. Directs the National Grid to carry out a program of research and development in the area of electric power generation and transmission, giving preference to environmental protection and land use research priorities. Authorizes up to \$250 million per fiscal year to carry out such programs. Title II authorizes each corporation to issue and sell bonds for financing its activities, providing that the aggregate total of outstanding bonds shall not exceed \$32 billion.

5. Electric Power Production Authority Act. *Murphy (N.Y.). Interstate and Foreign Commerce.* Establishes an Electric Power Production Authority. Enumerates its duties, including to: 1) assure that adequate supplies of electric energy, based on proven and developed technology, are available to meet the anticipated needs of the United States; 2) continuously review the demand for and supply of electric energy in the United States and report annually to the Congress; and 3) loan to investor-owned electrical utilities, as well as state and municipal power authorities, sums up to 100 per cent for the costs of new electric power-plant construction and electric distribution and transmission facilities. Empowers the Authority to provide loans and loan guarantees for the long-term purchase of coal and nuclear fuel supplies by investor-owned utilities, as well as state and municipal power authorities, and lessees of electric power-plants initially

built by the Authority, for the purpose of assuring that domestic fuel supplies are developed and available in adequate amounts. Authorizes \$51 billion over a ten-year period to carry out the provisions of this Act.

6. Homeowners' Loan Act. *(William) Ford (Mich.). Banking, Currency, and Housing.* Establishes the Homeowners' Loan Corporation and authorizes it to issue bonds in an aggregate amount not to exceed \$10 billion. The Corporation is authorized for a period of three years after enactment of this bill—but only during any calendar quarter in which the Federal Home Loan Bank Board determines that the foreclosure rate exceeds 0.5 per cent—to acquire home mortgages and other obligations and liens secured by real estate.

7. Comprehensive Child Development Act. *Abzug. Education and Labor.* The purpose is to establish and expand comprehensive child development programs—with emphasis on economically disadvantaged individuals, and including children of working mothers and single parents—with parents and community groups to be involved in the decision-making process,



and to establish the legislative framework for eventual universally available child development programs. The Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare is authorized to direct programs under Title I (Comprehensive Child Development Programs). Activities for which funds can be provided include: planning, development, establishment, maintenance, and operation of comprehensive programs with a broad range of activities; design, acquisition, construction, alteration, renovation, or remodeling of facilities including mobile facilities; training programs for professionals, paraprofessionals, parents, older family members, and prospective parents; public information activities; child advocate staff; and administrative expenses. Requires that each such plan must: 1) identify needs

and goals and describe purposes for which funds will be used; 2) meet the needs of children in the area, including infant care, before- and after-school programs, and 24-hour child-care services; 3) give priority to economically disadvantaged children; 4) give priority thereafter to children of single parents and working mothers; 5), 6) provide free services for economically disadvantaged children, and charge others fees on a sliding scale; 7) require cooperative arrangements of state and local agencies serving the handicapped; 8) provide jobs and training so far as possible for residents of the community; 9) provide, so far as possible, for socio-economic mixture in centers; 10), 11) provide for special needs of minority, bilingual, migrant, and Indian children in the area; 12) assure benefits for children in non-public pre-school and school programs; 13) coordinate programs so family members relate to each other during the day; 14) provide for parental participation in plans and programs; 15) provide for paraprofessional volunteers, including parents, senior citizens, students, other children, and those preparing for child development careers; 16) provide for dissemination of program information in the language of the parents; 17) eliminate barriers pertaining to state teacher certification standards; 18), 19), 20) assure coordination with schools and other child development programs in the community; and 21) provide that emphasis will be given to continued funding of ongoing projects. Establishes the Office of Child Development to be the principal agency to administer this Act. Authorizes \$2 billion in fiscal 1976, \$3 billion in 1977, and \$4 billion in 1978 to carry out the provisions of this Title. Title III (Training of Child Development Personnel) authorizes \$20 million for programs to train professional and paraprofessional child development personnel under the Higher Education Act. Authorizes National Defense Education Act loans for the training of full-time teachers in child development programs. Authorizes training grants to individuals and child development programs. Authorizes \$15 million annually for such grants. Title IV (Federal Government Child Development Programs) authorizes direct grants to establish and operate programs for children of federal employees. Authorizes \$5 million for each fiscal year to operate such programs.

8. Bill to provide useful work for unemployed. *Beard (R.I.). Education and Labor.* The Economic Development Administration is directed to carry out a program of providing useful work for unemployed individuals in activities on projects which promote the public welfare.

9. Intergovernmental Emergency Assistance Act. *Reuss. Banking, Currency, and*
(Continues on page 455)

A PROPOSAL

"The candidate who uses his own money to buy votes is called corrupt, the one who promises to use someone else's money is called a liberal." Herewith a proposal to prevent government from getting too liberal

On Limiting the Size of Government

PAUL LAXALT

I think some sort of limit on federal expenditures would be worthy of very deep consideration, and if it was worked out to permit this country to have the flexibility to defend itself, for instance, or to meet unpredictable kinds of economic setbacks it would be particularly worthy of consideration.

—Jimmy Carter
October 25, 1976

EVERYBODY complains about big government but nobody does anything about it. In fact, not only doesn't big government get any smaller, it just seems to keep expanding.

One reason for this is the do-good impulse, a powerful factor in human affairs. In the private sector, generous impulses tend to be limited to what individual philanthropists can give or persuade others to give. In the public sector, however, philanthropy is given almost untrammelled sway. Since the early 1960s we have seen the mushrooming of undoubtedly well-intentioned but, just as undoubtedly, poorly administered programs. Outlays in public assistance and other income supplements, for example, have more than doubled in just four years, from \$11.4 billion in fiscal 1973 to an estimated \$22.9 billion in fiscal 1977.

Nor do benevolent motives lead only to food stamps and Social Security. Government has assumed an ever-larger role in business regulation in the belief that such regulation favors consumers; but as recent studies of the Civil Aeronautics Board and the Federal Trade Commission indicate, the reverse is frequently the case.

A second motive for the expansion of government is rather less attractive. It is all too easy to personify the Federal Government as a superhuman entity in its own right—to see it, rather than the taxpayer, as paying for certain benefits. The result is a false impression of getting something for nothing—an impression certain politicians have capitalized on. As Columbia Professor Lowell Harriess has put it, "the candidate who uses his own money to buy votes is called corrupt, the one who promises to use someone else's money is called a liberal."

There is a good deal of empire-building done at public expense. Thomas Sowell, a noted black economist, recently pointed out that federal anti-poverty efforts cost three times as much as it would take to lift all Americans who are below the poverty line above it simply by giving them the money. As Professor Sowell explained, a large portion of the anti-poverty money goes to a caretaker class, those who, by analyzing, studying, and examining the rest of us, are doing quite well themselves, at taxpayers' expense.

Of all the reasons for government growth perhaps the most disturbing is the incremental accumulation process,

which works with particular effectiveness in Congress. Despite all the rhetoric about reducing taxes and balancing budgets, there are usually more votes to be got by expanding or creating programs than by reducing or eliminating them. The perceived gain to beneficiaries and bureaucrats is more immediate and outweighs by far the perceived cost to taxpayers. Consequently, government keeps getting bigger, one program at a time.

To Limit Growth

In 1975 government at all levels employed some 15 million people, nearly 20 per cent of the non-agricultural workforce. If current trends continue, by the year 2000—just 23 years from now—more than a quarter of the entire population will be employed by government. Total federal outlays have grown by \$100 billion in just two years. The Federal Government currently takes approximately one-third of the Gross National Product in taxes. By the year 2000, if current growth rates continue, one of every two dollars generated by our economy will be taken by government. (The growth of the Federal Government as a percentage of



Mr. Laxalt is United States Senator from Nevada.

GNP would be even larger if our sharply escalating domestic social programs had not been at least partially offset in the last twenty years by a drastic reduction in real defense expenditures.)

The momentum behind government growth is so strong and the resistance to it so weak that, unless effective action is taken soon, the growth of the government could become unstoppable. Therefore I have introduced an amendment that would compel the Congress to face this issue. Rather than attempt to stop government expansion completely, my proposal would prevent the approval of budgets which allow the public sector to grow at the expense of the private sector. It would prohibit either House of Congress from approving, in peacetime, a Concurrent Budget Resolution in which the percentage by which total outlays and new budget authority had increased since the last resolution exceeded the average annual rate of growth in GNP over the previous three years.

The Linchpin

Conservatives should take advantage of the Budget and Impoundment Control Act of 1974, which I see as one of the most promising developments to come out of the Congress in recent years. In its first year of operation, the new congressional budget process has shown clear signs that it could be an effective mechanism for equalizing income and outgo. But it has yet to begin curbing the outrageous size of federal budget deficits, which was one of the principal intentions of its originators. Only an overall ceiling will end the current string of oppressive deficits.

The Concurrent Budget Resolution is the linchpin of both my proposal and the entire budget process. Emanating from the respective Budget Committees, it sets tentative guidelines in May and binding figures in September for: total outlays and budget authority; outlays by budget category; level of overall surplus or deficit; and level of public debt to which the appropriation and authorization processes must adhere.

To avoid straitjacketing the Federal Government, it is necessary to base the restriction on the growth in federal spending on a three-year average annual rate of growth in Gross National Product rather than on just the previous year's figures. For example, in a

recessionary period, somewhat higher spending levels may result automatically from programs such as unemployment compensation and food stamps. But, given the historical duration of business cycles, a three-year average should be sufficient to smooth out such fluctuations in economic activity sufficiently to allow the necessary flexibility.

As the following table indicates, one need only look at the last five years to see the utility of my proposal for curbing government growth. In actual outlays, the period from fiscal 1972 through fiscal 1976 saw a whopping 61 per cent growth in the size of the federal budget. During this period, the so-called "Great Society" programs truly came on line, spearheading an increase in outlays from \$231.9 billion in fiscal 1972 to \$373.5 billion in fiscal 1976.

Had my proposal been in effect during this period, the budget would still have grown to accommodate the increased demands of our society's priorities and our expanding population. But my formula would have restricted government growth according to the ability of the private sector to pay for it. The federal budget would still have grown more than 50 per cent, from \$226.2 billion in fiscal 1972 to \$353.9 billion in fiscal 1976, but the taxpayers of this

public sector at the expense of the private sector.

To be sure, both state propositions were defeated. But this simply illustrates the power of those who have a vested interest in continuing to expand the public sector. In Michigan, for example, extravagant media expenditures by certain public-employee unions succeeded in convincing a majority of voters that to limit their state tax was to increase their local and property taxes—a charge that was simply not true.

The Broader View

Furthermore, the defeat of these propositions illustrates a broader point: both were defeated by arguments which, however meretricious, appealed to the public's wish to limit government growth. In neither state did the opponents dare claim that government should not be limited. Instead, they confined their counter-arguments to the claim either that the propositions would not in fact accomplish their purpose or that they could prove counterproductive by increasing the size of local government.

In any case, there is increasing interest in the issue of government limitation. Organizations are now being formed in a number of states to keep

**Effect of Laxalt Budget Proposal
(In Billions)**

Fiscal Year	Actual Outlays	Permitted Outlays	Difference
1972	231.9	226.2	5.7
1973	249.9	246.5	3.4
1974	271.1	268.4	2.7
1975	324.6	295.2	29.4
1976	373.5	353.9	19.6
Totals	1,451.0	1,390.2	60.8

nation would have been saved more than \$60 billion over the five-year period and almost \$20 billion in fiscal 1976 alone.

My proposal is similar to Governor Reagan's famous Proposition #1 in California and to the Proposal C recently turned down by voters in Michigan, both of which would have restricted the tax take of state governments to a fixed percentage of state personal income. The state propositions focused primarily on the revenue side, while my amendment is concerned with spending, but they have a common objective: to restrict the growth of the

the taxpayer from being nicked and dimed to death by interest groups that profit from government largesse. The present piecemeal appropriations process will no longer suffice at either the state or the federal level. Government will continue to grow under the present system, since those who profit from its growth take a much more intense interest in continuing each particular program than taxpayers do in stopping it. But by taking a broader view, we can relieve the hard-pressed taxpayers and restrict the encroachment of the public sector on our free-enterprise system. We can really do some good. □

The All-Porpoise War

GRACE MARIE PRATHER

THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT has had the U.S. tuna fleet under the gun for killing porpoises for nearly five years, but it was just a few weeks ago that it delivered a blow which may well drive the U.S. fleet to foreign flag. And if that happens, it would be the first documented case of government regulation actually destroying an entire American industry.

This latest blow came in the form of final 1977 tuna-fishing regulations issued by the National Marine Fisheries Service. Within hours, outraged fishermen were heading for home port in San Diego to begin application to re-register their vessels in order to escape the U.S. regulations. (Congress, however, was prepared for them. Representative Robert L. Leggett [D., Calif.], chairman of the House subcommittee involved in the tuna-porpoise controversy, said, "We're not going to let them leave the U.S. If they try, we'll just pass a law to stop them.")

The dispute is rooted in the 1950s, when "purse-seining"—now the most efficient and profitable technique the skilled U.S. fleet employs—was invented to take advantage of the inclination of tuna to swim in schools under porpoises. Fishermen encircle the school with a huge, three-quarter-mile-long net, then draw the net shut in purse-string fashion to prevent the deeper-swimming tuna from escaping. Because dead porpoises are worthless to the fishermen and because the government imposes limitations on how many can be killed, fishermen have developed a technique called backing down which allows porpoises to escape over the corkline.

Toward Zero Mortality

Millions of animals have been freed in this manner, sometimes as many as 4,000 from a single net; in 1976, the government says, 98.7 per cent of all encircled porpoises were released. But hundreds of thousands have been killed because they got trapped in the nets or because the fishermen just didn't try to free them. An estimated 104,000 porpoises were killed last year.

In 1972, Congress responded to environmentalist outcries by passing the Marine Mammal Protection Act, which directed tuna fishermen to reduce por-

poise mortality to incidental levels approaching zero. The Act gave fishermen a two-year grace period to refine their gear and fishing techniques, during which time they could continue to fish on porpoise.

But the fishermen didn't take the order seriously; the government wasn't pressuring them and in fact seemed sympathetic to their case. Two years after the act was passed, however, the Committee for Humane Legislation went to court and won enforcement of the zero-porpoise-mortality provision. There then began an endless series of court proceedings which have climaxed in the fleet's determination to squeeze out of the net of regulation by escaping to foreign port.

"I used to be proud to be a fisherman," says Manuel Silva, president of the American Tunaboat Association and owner of two large purse-seiners. "But no more. We're being treated just like criminals." The U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia Circuit, for example, ordered the government to conduct aerial surveillance of the fleet in February to enforce the ban on killing porpoises. The government also ordered fishermen to radio daily location reports to make it easier for the planes to find the tunaboats. "Giving away our position is giving away what is most valuable to us," Manuel Silva complains. "We're simply telling our competitors, 'Okay, this is where I am, and this is where the fish are.'"

August Felando, general manager of the American Tunaboat Association, calculates the association's 101 vessels have lost some \$21 million so far this year. His vessels, with a capacity of almost 91,000 tons, are returning to port with only 23,000 tons on board—mainly because the fishermen have been forbidden to use purse-seining on porpoise ever since the current porpoise-mortality quota was filled last November. Government delays in issuing 1977 fishing permits had kept purse-seining illegal until a U.S. Appeals Court handed down its ruling in March.

The court lifted the four-month ban and allowed some killing of porpoises under the nearly final 1977 regulations, which set a mortality quota of 59,050 for the year. But one component of that quota, the fishermen say, makes any fishing on porpoise impossible. The National Marine Fisheries Service forbids taking any of one particular species of porpoise—eastern spinners—on the grounds that they are depleted. However, eastern spinners frequently swim with other kinds of porpoises, and fishermen say they often cannot tell whether they have encircled a spinner until it is well into the net. Intentional taking of a spinner carries with it the possibility of a year in jail and a fine of \$20,000 plus forfeiture of the entire cargo, worth up to \$1 million on some of the larger vessels.

Final Confrontation

Representative Paul McCloskey (R., Calif.) is drafting legislation he says will solve the industry's problem by placing a policeman aboard every vessel; he proposes tossing out the painstakingly developed 1977 fishing regulations and 59,050 quota and instead simply ordering fishermen to use "due care" in fishing on porpoise. But the industry is skeptical of his proposal, which would force them to pay for an on-board observer they don't want in the first place.

Meanwhile, Bernard Fensterwald, attorney for the Committee for Humane Legislation and the catalyst of court actions that have led to ruling after ruling against the fishermen, has filed suit in U.S. District Court in Washington, D.C. contending that the 1977 fishing regulations are too *lenient*, and that the 59,050 quota is hardly the zero mortality rate required by law. But another Washington attorney, William Butler, who represents the Environmental Defense Fund, has tried to compromise, calling for a 53,120 porpoise quota for this year. Butler acknowledges that if the U.S. (Continues on page 455)

Miss Prather is the Washington correspondent of the San Diego Union.



Dial-an-Emperor

Dateline—Eve of the Ides of March

Caligula, Emperor of Rome, sent forth a decree that on the Ides, he will be available to accept calls from all over the Empire. Monotonius, the scroll reader, was chosen to help the Emperor with the incoming calls.

Dateline—Ides of March

The following are selected excerpts from the phone conversations as heard on Radio Rome:

Caller—Pilo the Crockmaker, of Alexandria: *Your Eminence, rumor has it that you have expressed a desire to marry your horse. Is there any truth to that rumor?*

Caligula: To be candid, the relation is quite a bit short of marriage. You asked a good question, however, Pi, and I appreciate your interest.

Caller—Zeno the Oracle and Button Fastener, of Byzantium: *Your Highness, we in the eastern part of the Empire are curious about your diet. Just what are "grits" and "chittlings"? Are they like ambrosia, or something?*

Monotonius: Excuse this interruption, Your Worship, but Cholestro of Athens, the restaurateur, has supplied the food we are enjoying today. Any description of food other than that of the "Nero's Heros" franchise might be inappropriate. We do, however, wish to thank Zeno for his call.

Caligula: Pass the relish, Mono, and let's get on with the questions.

Caller—Neppo the Prophet, of Tuscany: *Your Augustness, could you tell us just how seriously you handle your duties as God? Can you describe them in terms mortals might understand?*

Caligula: Another "good" question. Look out your window, Neppo. Soon you will see a flash of lightning. I will be sending it to give you some idea of the godly power. If you do not see the lightning, keep your mouth shut, because God also has a slave ship for doubting-Thomas types. (*Heard only in the Imperial Studio:*) Get that sarcastic SOB's address. He's about to do some rowing!

Caller—Lunko the Logger, of Palermo: *S'cusa, am I getting through—oh, oh, hello there Emp! My wife, Conchetta, wishes to know where you buy your togas.*

Caligula: Finally, a serious question. My togas are purchased at a nice little boutique near the Tiber, called "Bedazzlemento." I get my cosmetics there as well. Great place.

Caller—Bozo, an unemployed veteran, of Naples: *Your Highness, I have been out of work since the recent campaign to end all campaigns against the Huns. During the campaign, I was hit on the head by a club during a squabble at a Hun topless place. I still hear clarions. This injury has been deemed war-related, but up until now, I have not received one red denarius. Can you help me?*

Caligula: Corporal Bozo, I remember you well, and I'm sorry I did not kill you with that club. You will be hearing from the Praetorian Guard. (*Heard only in the Imperial Studio:*) He tried to jump the line . . . (*Balance of comments have been censored.*)

Caller—Fungo, a Farmer of Scythia: *Your Worship—we are up in the morning, out on the job, work like the devil for our pay, but that lucky old sun has nothing to do but roll around heaven all day. What do you think of that?*

Caligula: I think heaven revolves around the sun. It is a matter of conjecture, however, and one still debated at the Agora. Nice question, and I appreciate your efforts, Fungo.

Monotonius: The Emperor has now left his chambers. He wishes to thank most of those who called.

This has been an historic occasion which Emperor Caligula or his successor may repeat.

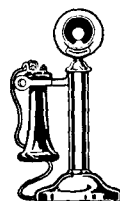
At this time, we also wish to thank the following for technical assistance:

Cholestro of Athens—for the delicatessen.

Marconi of Milan—for his timely invention.

Ameche of Naples—for his timely invention.

ANTHONY R. SPINELLI



Freedom and Parochial Schools

RUSSELL KIRK

DURING THE past year, for the first time since it was created, the National Labor Relations Board (NLRB) has been attempting to compel church-related schools to submit to its authority. Already the litigation is overwhelming. The immediate cause of this is the increasing unionization of lay teachers in Christian schools. Teachers' unions have petitioned the NLRB to order Catholic bishops and pastors to hold NLRB elections that would determine whether the lay teachers wished to be represented exclusively by a union in bargaining with their employer.

The NLRB has responded affirmatively, even aggressively, to teachers' union requests for federal intervention. During the past 12 months, in a series of unprecedented actions, the NLRB has declared its jurisdiction over religious schools in the Archdioceses of Baltimore, Newark, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Los Angeles; the Dioceses of Brooklyn, Fort Wayne-South Bend, Ind., and Gary, Ind.; and the entire state of Hawaii. But now, several cases challenging the legality of that intervention are being fought in the courts.

Of course, this controversy is bound up with theories of separation of state and church (for once, the Catholic Church and the lobby called Americans United for the Separation of Church and State find themselves on the same side of a question). In examining this and the other issues involved in these cases, let me take as an example the case, which the United States Court of Appeals for the Seventh Circuit has taken up, of Andrew G. Grutka, Bishop of the Catholic Diocese of Gary, v. Alex V. Barbour, a regional director of the National Labor Relations Board, and the Lay Teachers Federation of the Gary Diocese.

A teachers' union in Gary had filed a petition with the NLRB requesting an NLRB-supervised election to determine a collective-bargaining agent in Gary's Catholic schools. Granting this petition, the NLRB directed Bishop Grutka, as ultimate authority in his diocese, to hold such an election. He refused; the NLRB prosecuted. (The NLRB conducts its own investigations, hearings, and appeals, and prosecutes on its own initiative.)

Bishop Grutka appealed, asking the United States District Court to enjoin the NLRB from exercising jurisdiction, on the ground that his rights under the

First, Fifth, and Ninth Amendments to the federal Constitution were being violated. The District Court handed down a restraining order, preventing the NLRB from moving against Bishop Grutka until the Court of Appeals in the Seventh Circuit should resolve the constitutional questions.

"The fundamental constitutional issues involved in this proceeding are of such magnitude as to overshadow the particular parties themselves," Judge McGagney (a Protestant) wrote in the District Court decision. "No freedoms more fully demonstrate the commitments made by our Founding Fathers than those contained in the First Amendment, and none should be more seriously safeguarded.

"The dual nature of a church school in its religious-social mission requires constant faculty supervision and co-operation among teachers. Our Constitution guarantees the right to propagate religious beliefs through such institutions. This Court cannot but consider the alleged harmful effects which awaiting the exhaustion of internal NLRB proceedings may have on the plaintiff's right to provide religious instruction."

Accordingly, even though the NLRB's lawyers argued that a federal district court has no jurisdiction over NLRB proceedings, the judge impounded the ballots of the Gary NLRB election and stayed further NLRB hearings of labor-practices charges against Bishop Grutka. This question of whether a federal district court may restrain NLRB remains disputed in both the Gary case and the Philadelphia case; the Seventh Circuit Court of Appeals recently vacated Judge McGagney's restraints upon NLRB, but the question still arises in other federal circuits. Federal courts of appeals do possess specific authority to receive appeals from NLRB decisions—but only after plaintiffs have gone through long and costly hearings within NLRB's own administrative tribunals.

In the Gary case, Bishop Grutka is represented by local counsel and by William B. Ball, of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, probably the ablest attorney in the land for cases concerning church-state conflicts. (He won the case for the Wisconsin Amish before the Supreme Court in 1972.)

The plaintiff's brief in the Gary case denies that the National Labor Relations Act ever was intended to apply to church schools. (The NLRB had demanded that Bishop Grutka fill out a form with such questions as whether his "company" had subsidiary plants, what its "general nature of business" was, and what its gross dollar volume of business was.) If NLRB were to exercise jurisdiction over church schools in Gary, the brief argues, then NLRB would be placed "in forbidden roles as arbiter of religious practices and determiner of matters of purely ecclesiastical concern." Such assumption of jurisdiction by a federal body could lead, unconstitutionally, to government proceedings against churches, government determination of the appropriate bargaining unit of a church, and government restructuring of a church.

CONTRARY TO the NLRB's declaration that a "compelling state interest" justifies state intervention, the Grutka appeal maintains that Catholic schools are not guilty under the test for such intervention. According to previous Supreme Court decisions, for religious conduct to be regulated by the state, that conduct must pose "some substantial threat to public safety, peace, or order." Moreover, the Bishop's brief declares, the NLRB's assumption of jurisdiction would violate the Fifth and Ninth Amendments of the Bill of Rights by depriving the Bishop (or the schools in his diocese) of rights to property and privacy. Finally, the plaintiff's brief contends that the District Court rightly

restrained NLRB from certifying the results of the teachers' union election and from finishing its hearings against Bishop Grutka.

This last point was decided by the Court of Appeals on January 31—against Bishop Grutka. The Appeals judges ruled that a federal district court may not restrain the NLRB. This means that an NLRB election for the Gary schools will be completed, and that hearings of the charges against the Bishop will proceed. The Bishop's lawyers have appealed this decision to the U.S. Supreme Court. But the larger constitutional questions involved are yet to be decided. The Court of Appeals of the Seventh District will take up later the question of whether, at Gary, the NLRB has violated rights under the Fifth Amendment. And this same court already is weighing appeals in similar cases from the Chicago and Fort Wayne dioceses.

ASIDE FROM Gary, the most significant and hotly contested similar case involves the Archdiocese of Philadelphia. Archbishop Krol and some 226 pastors in his archdiocese have defied an NLRB order of January 17 requiring them to produce lists of all employees in elementary schools of the archdiocese and to hold an election to determine a collective-bargaining agent for elementary schools.

Here the NLRB endeavors to override canon law by its ruling that the archdiocese must be treated as a unit for bargaining purposes. (According to canon law, parish pastors, not a bishop, are the employers of teachers in parochial schools.) This NLRB contention is an attempt to bring all the Catholic schools of the archdiocese, which are spread over five Pennsylvania counties, within the NLRB's direct jurisdiction—since if all the Catholic elementary schools in the archdiocese were counted as a unitary system, then the total of the supplies which they purchase annually in "interstate commerce" would exceed the value of \$100,000. This total sum would be twice that necessary to fulfill one requirement for NLRB intervention in labor disputes. In fine, the NLRB maintains that it has the power to restructure the Church to suit its own purposes.

And the NLRB is trying to restructure not only the Church, but the entire terms of the debate over the separation

of state and church. Cardinal Krol and 226 pastors of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia have pointed this out in big advertisements in the Philadelphia newspapers.

"The NLRB says Catholic schools are not religious enough," runs one paragraph in the advertisements. "The Supreme Court says Catholic schools are too religious. The government can't have it both ways."

The NLRB spokesmen, you see, allege that their national Board has jurisdiction over church schools because those institutions mostly are not "completely religious." The NLRB lawyers argue that only 15 per cent of school time is spent upon "religious" subjects, the rest upon "non-religious" subjects; and that therefore Catholic schools are within the NLRB's scope, as if they were factories or mines. (Ironically, most *public* schools are not subject to the NLRB: being agencies of state governments, they are exempted from federal labor directives.)

Yet in recent years the Supreme Court has ruled repeatedly that Christian schools may not receive state financial assistance—because they are essentially religious. Archbishop Krol and the pastors are incensed by this inconsistency. "We believe," they say, "that the glaring contradiction between the NLRB concept of Catholic schools and the Supreme Court concept of these same schools is another example of the prejudice and bias aimed at the Catholic community. We have had enough!"

The NLRB also argues that Catholic schools are engaged in interstate commerce, and so subject to federal regu-

lation. Is a parish elementary school, which does not produce or sell any goods, to be treated like a major manufacturer? The NLRB argues that the Archdiocese of Philadelphia is an employer "receiving gross revenues in excess of \$1 million . . ."; and these schools, taken together, "purchase goods valued in excess of \$50,000 which originate either directly or indirectly from points outside the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania."

Bishops and pastors also resist collective bargaining of the sort imposed by the NLRB partly because they fear that effective control of Catholic schools may pass into hands of union officials, whose prejudices and policies would be those of the NEA or AFT. Priests, nuns, and monks would be excluded from the "bargaining units" which the NLRB recognizes—thus giving lay teachers all the votes in any election. Catholic school administrators are not at all sure that the union leaders would be faithful to the Church on questions of faith and morals.

This danger is real. When William Ball, lawyer in the Philadelphia as well as the Gary case, asked the head of the teachers' union on the stand whether there was a clause in that union's existing contract with Catholic secondary schools that gave the Archbishop and the pastors the right to protect faith and morals within schools, he said that there was. Then Ball produced the proposed new contract, in which the "faith and morals" clause had been deleted. Already Catholic schools are diminishing in numbers, resources, and parental support. The typical Catholic parent

(Continues on page 455)

College Entrants Bored

It used to be in days gone by
That bookish College Entrance Boards
Expected students to reply
To questions like: "Who beat their
swords,

And into what?" "What is a phrase?
A metaphor? A palindrome?"
"Did Shakespeare really write his
plays?"
"What fate endangered Ethan Frome?"

What's more, the answers had to be
Correctly spelled and written in
A style that showed proficiency
In literary discipline.

Today, who cares about such stuff?
Who needs to read or write at all?
We've got TV. We know enough
To win out in a classroom brawl.

The College Entrance Boards concede
That maybe they have been too strict.
Today's kids are a different breed.
(At least the Boards know when they're
licked.)

So, school diplomas fresh in hand,
Illiterates need no excuse;
Today no applicant is banned
Who's almost mastered Mother Goose.

CORINNA MARSH

Books Arts & Manners

Truckin'

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

If Alger Hiss would only cooperate, there would be much to be said for the rest of us leaving him alone. He paid in full, after all, the penalty exacted by society—three years and eight months in the penitentiary—for the perjury of which he was convicted in 1950: denying under oath that he had committed acts of espionage for the Soviet Union. He is 72 years old now—a gaunt figure often to be seen on the streets of Manhattan, shuffling along on business for the stationery-and-printing concern that employs him, or home to the apartment he shares with a woman named Isabel. There is no *a priori* reason for us to pester him, or even to think about him.

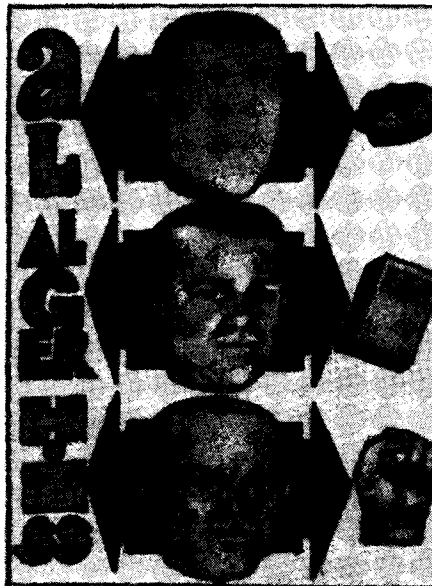
But it is not we who are pestering Alger Hiss; it is he who persists in pestering us. His conviction was not only his personal catastrophe, but the severest single blow ever suffered by the Communists who had so effectively penetrated American life during the New Deal—or, for that matter, by the non-Communist New Dealers who had so foolishly countenanced that penetration. The impulse to vindicate Hiss is thus in some circles a powerful one indeed. To this impulse Hiss has consistently lent himself: steadfastly maintaining his innocence, and writing or encouraging a series of books to the same effect.

The latest tome in this campaign is *Laughing Last*, Tony Hiss's affectionate biography of his father. It proceeds on the assumption that the elder Hiss is innocent, and purports to be a wholly candid description of his life, with the trial and prison episodes given their due place and no more. But despite all the loving care, the picture resolutely fails to come into focus. The reason is that we are offered, at one point or another, no less than three different versions of Alger Hiss—all of them phony.

First there is "Al," as the author chummily calls his father. Al is a regular fella, and just as American as apple pie. This picture is conveyed in a slangy, breezy prose that seeks to suggest veracity on all subjects by being unnecessarily candid about a few: "Al got engaged to a pretty blonde from New Orleans when he was in college, but they didn't fool around, and the first

naked woman he ever saw was a not-very-happy-looking Indian whore in Tijuana when he was 23." As for Priscilla Fansler ("Prossy"), whom Al ultimately married and much later divorced, "Al and Prossy had conventional sex together. Al and Prossy thought they never had any problems, Al says, except occasionally when Prossy was pissed."

But behind this relaxed, almost raf-



Laughing Last

By Tony Hiss

Houghton Mifflin, 194 pp., \$8.95

fish "Al," who lets it all hang out, we catch repeated glimpses of a quite different persona, who might better fit the name "Alger": a brilliant young man who was Phi Beta Kappa and president of the student council at Johns Hopkins, a protégé of Harvard Law professor Felix Frankfurter, law clerk to Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr., rising star in the New Deal State Department, Secretary-General of the Founding Conference of the UN in San Francisco, President of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. This was the face Alger turned to the world, until that world crashed about his ears, and it remains intermittently serviceable. Thus Tony describes Alger as having been overconfident of acquittal in his perjury trial, and quotes him as blaming this overconfidence on "my everlasting assurance that we were in the best hands—the courts—and everything would work out OK."

THIS MIGHT have been the attitude of a devout admirer of the American judicial system such as "Alger" professed to be, but it collides sharply with a still different image of the man, which cannot be expunged from the public record (or the book) altogether and which we shall refer to as "Hiss."

This Hiss was the angry young man who wrote an article for the *Harvard Law Review* "saying he thought labor

Aram Bakshian Jr.'s articles have appeared in numerous journals here and abroad. . . . Richard Corliss is film critic for New Times and editor of Film Comment. . . . John Lukacs' most recent book is *The Last European War*. . . . Mitchell S. Ross's book on literary politicians is due shortly. . . . William A. Rusher is Publisher of NR.

RANDOM NOTES

■ MORE APRIL TITLES: *The Memoirs of Earl Warren* (Doubleday, \$10) are available this month, although Warren, who died in 1974, is not. Verily, Warren was Ike's greatest mistake. If the General was indeed a "wad of chewing-gum tossing restlessly in the mouth of history," then Chief Justice Warren was that mouth. . . . It seems astonishing that anybody should be writing such stuff today, but here it is: in *Class, State, and Crime: On the Theory and Practice of Criminal Justice* (McKay, \$8.95), Richard Quinney argues that criminal justice serves mainly to maintain social order and hence support the ruling class. . . . *The Wall Street Journal Views America Tomorrow* (Amacom, \$9.95), edited by Donald Moffitt, re-examines a number of social prognostications published by the paper back in 1966. . . . Thomas Szasz, the silver bullet of American libertarianism, has written a new book, *The Theology of Medicine: The Political-Philosophical Foundations of Medical Ethics* (Louisiana State, \$8.95), accusing modern medicine of abetting Leviathan in squelching the rights of human beings, and arguing the right of patients to reject all forms of medical and psychiatric treatment. . . . Ann Douglas writes in *The Feminization of American Culture* (Knopf, \$15) that a nineteenth century alliance of genteel authoresses and intellectually uppy clergyman infected American mass

had been screwed during the Twenties"; whose equally militant wife "helped the Socialist Party of Morningside Heights organize a soup kitchen"; who "got interested in what was then known as 'the Movement,' young labor leaders of the Twenties who were trying to organize industry at a time when it was pretty impossible to do so"; who "helped publish a law review dealing with labor law and farm problems," which, alas, "was later listed as a Communist front organization"; who joined "a non-Marxist study group in Washington," several members of which "were later accused of Communism." There were plenty of young zealots in the 1920s and '30s who thought and behaved much like this ultra-leftist Hiss, but not one of them would seriously have regarded the federal courts (those bastions of the exploiter-class!) as "the best hands" for themselves or anybody else to be in. Which was the impostor: Alger or Hiss?

"Al," "Alger," "Hiss" . . . Take your

culture with sentimentality, religiosity, and commercialism from which it continues to suffer today. Theodore Dreiser was onto that development back in the early years of the twentieth century, as were all the writers of the naturalist and realist schools. . . . M. R. D. Foot is a former British Army officer who was part of the French Resistance. In *Resistance: European Resistance to Nazism 1940-1945* (McGraw-Hill, \$15) he argues that while the movement was militarily puny it was possessed of great moral strength. . . . *Deep'n As It Come: The 1927 Mississippi River Flood* (Oxford, \$10.95) by Pete Daniel is a fascinating account of a natural disaster that put more than 400,000 people in tented refugee camps. The book is based to a significant degree upon interviews with more than fifty survivors.

■ DELECTATIONS: *Goals for Mankind: A Report to the Club of Rome on the New Horizons of Global Community* (Dutton, \$15; \$6.95 paper), by Ervin Laszlo et al. The last chapter discusses the "current goals gap." Would make a swell Easter present for Nelson Rockefeller. The Club, that is. . . . Ruth Carter Stapleton's newest book is *Experiencing Inner Healing* (Word Books, \$7.95), in which she continues to promote "faith imagination" and the ministry of emotional healing. Says *Publishers Weekly*: "She knows of liberation from a tyrannical past." Word has it that at SALT II the Russians are going to demand that the U.S. jettison the B-1, the cruise missile, and Ruth.

choice—or better still, reject them all. The true story of this man's life has never yet been told—certainly not by him. It is quite a story: the drama of a brilliant young American with every prospect of becoming a huge success, who gambled instead, silently but boldly, on being either more than that or less: either one of the secret architects of a Communist world order or a pariah in the capitalist one. He came close—oh, so close!—to pulling it off. Who would have dreamed, when pressured to defy Chambers, that the wretch had withheld from the Russians and preserved for 12 years the last batch of microfilms of classified documents copied on the Hiss family's old Woodstock typewriter?

Even today, Hiss can depend on the sympathetic admiration of one of those obstinately credulous coteries that cluster around any sufficiently prominent and determined loser. One wonders, though, what antic imp in his unconscious led him to reminisce to Tony

as follows about the absent-minded professor of French at Johns Hopkins who wouldn't notice an occasional Spanish or English word in one's recitation if you didn't happen to remember the French one: "This taught me that there is a lot of flexibility in language and that the main thing is to keep going and then you can get away with it." □

The American Catholic: A Social Portrait

By Andrew M. Greeley

Basic Books, 280 pp., \$15

A SHRINKING MILITANT

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

This book is, to begin with, readable. Andrew Greeley writes sentences, real sentences that address the ear and the mind with peppery style, full of "deader than a doornail" and "a hell of a lot" and even "I do not know"—an excellent thing in a sociologist, particularly a demographer who fills his book with charts and statistics. He likes facts, hard facts, surprising facts; *The American Catholic: A Social Portrait* abounds in them, and is as perceptive as it is informative.

The book is frankly polemical, an essay in public-relations work for Catholics. They need it. While ethnic prejudices in general are either declining or at least in public disfavor, anti-Catholicism is doing just fine. Catholics—especially "ethnics"—are thought to be bigoted blue-collar types, on whose narrow natures liberal nurture can never take. John Leonard can even take a swipe, yea, in the polite pages of the *New York Times*, at the "church of inquisitors and clerks" in spite of which (not by means of which) Christianity has survived. Anti-Catholicism is embedded in American rhetoric: our vocabulary of devil-terms includes dogma, medieval, crusade, inquisition, and so forth, and the irony imparted to words like heresy, litany, pious, and orthodox reflects (and indirectly reinforces) the liberal image of Catholicism as encouraging—and imposing—stupid docility. This attitude toward the institutional church has naturally led to contempt for those who have worshipped in it. Moreover, these notions have been accepted and per-

petuated by dissident Catholics themselves: in their self-conscious revolt against official teachings, Catholic intellectuals have assumed a contemptuous view of ordinary Catholic laymen.

So here is Greeley, ready, willing, able, and eager to prove that Catholics are "making it" in the American ethos. They have caught up in economic, educational, and intellectual achievement, and their politics are, by Greeley's standards, enlightened: they typically support New Deal social reforms, were doveish before it was fashionable, and are (especially in proportion as they attend Catholic schools) well-disposed toward other minorities. They are in many respects "social" conservatives, but then so is practically everyone else; and they were not vociferously antiwar largely because their patriotism was affronted by the tone of Sixties protest. Failing to perceive all this, says Greeley, the Left has been doing its unsuccessful best to drive Catholics out of the Democratic Party, while the Right has entertained vain pipe-dreams of recruiting them in a conservative coalition.

HIS DATA and his interpretation of them seem to me generally impeccable, and, though I claim no special competence to assess them, they accord with my own observations. Catholics, for instance, maintain their relative strictness in sexual morality with a simultaneous reluctance to institutionalize it in law binding on everyone: i.e., they refuse to "impose their own views" (on, say, abortion) upon the rest of the population. Greeley approves of this—he cites very few facts about Catholics that he can't applaud—and offers as evidence of Catholics' enlightenment the fact that in many respects they behave like Protestants, only more so. It might be fairer to say that he denies that certain "Protestant" virtues really "belong" to Protestants as such. At any rate, he concludes with a celebration of what he has for the last couple of years called "the communal Catholic," who is loyal to Catholics as "a collectivity" and is "at least sympathetic" to their "heritage," but refuses to "take seriously" the teaching authority of the institutional church, whose leaders are "stupid" and "incompetent."

Being a "communal" Catholic, then, means adopting "a new and self-consciously selective style of affiliating with the Catholic tradition," because "Catholicism is a collectivity, an ethnic

group which is available for your use if you want to use it." The trouble with this kind of Catholicism is that, well, it isn't really Catholic. Being a Catholic means *believing* something, not being related to somebody, even by adoption. A church which is defined by "optional" kinship has nothing to do with a cross and a man coming out of his grave to command the witnesses to tell the world about these strange facts and their eternal import.

The defining trait of Catholicism has always been its claim of direct succession from those who received that injunction, an exclusive divine tradition. It is that claim, unaffected by the "stupidity" or "incompetence" or educational and economic status of those who assert it, that Greeley, for all his militancy, shrinks from asserting. The Apostle wrote that everything depended on the Resurrection, a fact so large as to make secondary the personal qualifications of its vehicles: God, in fact, had chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the wise. Father Greeley doesn't much go in for such paradoxes, but he has lots of statistics to prove that Italian Catholics aren't so dumb. □

The Economists

By Leonard Silk

Basic Books, 271 pp., \$10.95

FIVE BEAUTIES

MITCHELL S. ROSS

All efforts to freshen the dismal science are welcome. Leonard Silk, a member of the editorial board of the *New York Times*, has succeeded quite modestly with *The Economists*, an examination of the careers of five prominent economic thinkers. All five are currently active. Three—Paul Samuelson, Wassily Leontief, and Milton Friedman—have been awarded the Nobel Prize for Economic Science. A fourth, John Kenneth Galbraith, deserves a Nobel Prize, though more in literature than in economics. The fifth, Kenneth Boulding, appears more ambitious to fill the next vacancy in the Trinity than any secular position.

These are, then, five men worthy of scrutiny. Silk lives up to his name by furnishing a smooth narrative, albeit

one which could stand a few pebbles of wit. He is a good reporter, faithful to the facts, unwilling to indulge in much conjecture about the deep motivations of his subjects. Biography mingles with textual summary, and here and there is a dash of criticism to keep things lively.

THIS APPROACH is least successful in the case of Galbraith, of whom Silk writes, "Galbraith needs and deserves rescue from his celebrity, even from his own charming vision of himself. He is, first and foremost, an economist, and a serious one." Silk rescues him by making him dull. Galbraith is, first and foremost, an artist, and a great one. He is the finest stylist ever to settle in the economic world as his literary domain. Beside *The Affluent Society* and *The New Industrial State*, the theses of Thorstein Veblen lie like puddles from some Nordic thaw; the tomes of Mill, Ricardo, and the rest squat like prehistoric rocks, their interest washed away by time; only Adam Smith has charm to compare. One need only mention such volumes as the *Ambassador's Journal*, *The Scotch*, *The McLandress Dimension*, and *The Great Crash*—all destined to stand among the literary monuments of our time. Reading Galbraith in order to learn economics is like walking through the Uffizi in order to look at the frames.

Boulding presents another set of difficulties. His economics spill over into theology, and the result is rather messy. Now 67, Boulding was born and raised in humble circumstances in Liverpool. In 1937 he emigrated to the United States, accepting an academic post at Colgate. A decade of job-drifting ended in 1949, when he became Professor of Economics at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor. He stayed there until the late Sixties, when he moved to the University of Colorado at Boulder.

He has shown a susceptibility to mystical experiences. Some time early in life they led him from Methodism to Quakerism. When Hitler challenged his Quakerite pacifism by invading Poland, he found himself in an awful quandary until, on May 15, 1940, un-



known forces once again intervened. As Silk describes it, "Emerging from his bath, he saw Christ suffering on the cross, assuming the sins of all mankind, of people no better than the Germans, no better than Boulding himself. His hatred disappeared. Once again, Boulding felt kinship with all men. His faith in non-violence was renewed." In the midst of the Second World War, he called upon the people of the world to abandon their allegiances to earthly nations and join him in the Kingdom of Truth, to be governed by the Love of God. Professor Boulding's economic thoughts are arrived at by the same fanatical means as his reflections on war and peace; they, too, emit the odor of quackery.

The three Nobel Prize winners appear to be more conventional personalities. Leontief taught at Harvard until his noisy departure, one year before retirement, for New York University. He is best noted for his system of input-output analysis—one industry's input leads to another industry's output, etc.—and for his belief that this should be made the basis for national economic planning. Samuelson's textbook has been standard for a generation; its author has augmented his fortune by writing grave columns for *Newsweek*. In personal interviews with Silk, Samuelson's tongue wags a bit, and that is nice to see.

FRIEDMAN NEEDS no introduction to readers of this magazine, where his opinions have always been regarded quite highly. It is Silk's theory, not altogether thoroughly developed, that a series of personal experiences led Friedman to confirm his libertarianism. The most notable of these was his difficulty in obtaining a long-term appointment from the University of Wisconsin. Among those fighting on Friedman's behalf was Walter Heller, then a graduate student there. The real problem was antisemitism—Wisconsin had one Jew on the faculty already, and there was some concern over the possibility that a good thing might be overdone. Eventually, Friedman gave up the fight and withdrew from the post. "His wariness of institutions," writes Silk, "even liberal and intellectual institutions, deepened. He decided that there was more freedom and security for Jews or other minority groups in the marketplace than in 'institutions'—whether they were liberal or conservative, academic or political."

The book concludes with an essay

by Silk entitled "E Pluribus Unum," which attempts to state the present condition of economics. It is worthy but undistinguished. The book, as a whole, is slightly better. It would be better still if the author did not apply the same treatment to five personalities who are not a whole lot alike. □

A History of Christianity

By Paul Johnson

Atheneum, 556 pp., \$13.95

JESUS CHRIST AND ALL THAT

ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

This review would never have been written if it were not for a pious Polish joke of sorts. As a general rule, I prefer the outsides of churches to their insides, and the towering Episcopal Cathedral that looks down on Washington from Mount Saint Alban is no exception. Since I live only a few blocks away from it, I decided late last Christmas Eve to avoid its addleheaded preachers and pretentious parishioners by paying my religious respects out-of-doors, in a quiet walk through the Cathedral grounds. The night air was crisp and bracing, the ivory spires thrust Heavenward without any obstruction from vaulted ceilings, and the stars were more than adequate substitutes for the contrived splendor of stained-glass rose windows—or so I thought until I picked up a few trailing notes, warm but slightly out of tune, of "Come All Ye Faithful" sung in a strange tongue.



For several weeks I had been putting off a piece for *NR* on Paul Johnson's *History of Christianity* until I could get into the mood. The trite preliminaries to modern Christmas had, if anything, put me even further off the track, but there was something poignant and interesting about the drifting notes of the familiar old carol being sung in what sounded, as I drew nearer, like some branch of Slavic. I followed the music to the small chapel at the east end of the cathedral. It turned out to be on loan to a little group of Polish Catholics celebrating the *Pasterka* (Shepherd's Mass), and I spent the next 45 minutes ignoring a droning, pedestrian priest and studying the faces of the worshippers and choir—homely faces for the most part, but all marked by that faith and feeling that once made Christianity such a vital, unique force in the world, and that have managed to preserve for it a kind of crippled half-life despite the lethal ministrations of tonsured technocrats and ordained atheists in a modern age besotted by its very real but very one-dimensional material achievements.

The old faith was there on those plain faces—at any rate for three-quarters of an hour on Christmas Eve—and they gave at least a pale reflection of the motive force of Christianity, the positive inspiration that has breathed life into stiff ritual and timeliness into old teachings during so many centuries of intense change and rending conflict. It is this surviving motive force that makes Paul Johnson's splendid new work something more than a learned treatise on an extinct volcano.

Compared to Hinduism, Buddhism, and Islam, Christianity and its Judaic precursor have weathered modern history rather well, often actually gaining strength from new discoveries and truths that other faiths have either ignored or fought. And a good thing, too. "Man," wrote Benjamin Disraeli (himself a personal embodiment of both heritages), "is a being born to believe, and if no church comes forward with all the title-deeds of truth, and sustained by the tradition of sacred ages, and the conviction of countless generations to guide him, he will find altars and idols in his own heart and imagination." Such alternative altars, whether erected to a Lenin or a Charles Manson, seldom take healthy forms, but they spring up like mushrooms after every thunderstorm of doubt, thriving on the decay of conventional faith and the attendant decline in conventional

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mores. Commandments and Golden Rules may perish, but the raw human hunger for some cause and code, be they ever so warped, always remains.

Given all this, and given the number of cranks, charlatans, and outright freaks who have joined the Christian cavalcade over the ages, one of its greatest riddles is its very survival. How has a faith which asks so much of its adherents, and offers them so little material return in an increasingly material world, not only hung on, but spread? Part of the answer lies in Christianity's unique blend of three basic strains—seemingly conflicting forces which have managed to coexist under the sign of the Cross for nearly two thousand years: orthodoxy, charismatic zeal, and intellectuality.

MR. JOHNSON traces all three forces with style, sympathy, and learning, from the earliest quarrels of the Apostles to our own fractious times, in a *tour de force* of the historian's art, and with genuine Christian feeling. He conceals none of the conflicts and contradictions, for he operates on the assumption that "Christianity, by identifying truth with faith, must teach—and, properly understood, does teach—that any interference with truth is immoral. A Christian with faith has nothing to fear from the facts; a Christian historian who draws the line limiting the field of inquiry on any point whatsoever is admitting the limits of his faith. And of course he is also destroying the nature of his religion, which is a progressive revelation of the truth."

The result is one of the most readable, stimulating popular treatments of any historical subject that I have ever encountered, and one of the liveliest reconstructions of half-forgotten characters and events as well. Mr. Johnson is particularly good with stormy petrels like St. Paul, and he is a bit down on somber, reflective types like Blaise Pascal. St. Augustine emerges as kinky and more than a little vicious, his "City of God" a grim, neurotic company town that would not even be a nice place to visit; but Mr. Johnson treats almost everyone else fairly—with the possible exception of Pope Pius XII, with whose comparative estimates of Fascist and Communist evil he disagrees.

Barring this and a few other sensitive points, Mr. Johnson is lucid and just throughout, giving due credit to all

three major currents of the stream of Christianity. He seems to agree with Disraeli's century-old observation that "the existence of parties in the Church [is] necessary and beneficial . . . They are a natural development of the religious sentiment in man . . . Ceremony, enthusiasm, and free speculation are the characteristics of the three great parties in the Church . . . they have always existed in different forms or under different titles." And, like the buttresses and counter-stresses that support the immense weight of a towering cathedral, their interaction has kept Christianity alive while most other beliefs have either died or atrophied. That this is an amazing achievement goes without saying; that it is beneficial was clear even to a corrupt old courtier like Francis Bacon, whom Mr. Johnson quotes in the closing lines of his truly magisterial work: "They that deny God destroy man's nobility: for certainly man is of kin to the beasts by his body; and, if he be not kin to God by his spirit, he is a base and ignoble creature." We are less base and ignoble, Mr. Johnson concludes, by virtue of the divine example offered by Christianity. "By such means our history



over the last two millennia has reflected the effort to rise above our human frailties. And to that extent, the chronicle of Christianity is an edifying one."

Amen. □

TELEVISION

A DARKENED STAR

RICHARD CORLISS

The secret's in the smile. It's as wide and gleaming as the Milky Way. It radiates an honest, an innocent, goodwill that asks for nothing in return, except maybe another smile. And frequently, just at the corners, or in the eyes above it, it suggests the fragility of fine china—and the imminence of failure. It's the smile of a Homecoming Queen who knows her handsome escort will be disappointed before the night is over, because he won't get to first base. To a

world quite likely to misunderstand it, the smile says: "Hold my hand but (please?) don't hurt my feelings. Stand up to me, but (if you don't mind) don't walk over me. And for goodness' sake, can't we be *friends*?"

The smile belongs to Mary Tyler Moore, and every Saturday night for the past seven years she has lent it out to her alter ego Mary Richards, producer of The Six O'Clock News on Minneapolis' mythical Channel 12, WJM-TV. The smile, and the show, will rerun forever in syndication and in the hearts of some thirty million faithful viewers. But those will only be emanations from a distant, darkened star. On March 19, *Mary Tyler Moore* broadcast the last new show in its series.

The WJM newsroom will no longer reverberate with the avuncular bellowing of Mary's boss, Lou Grant (Edward Asner), the balding, dumpy, sleeves-rolled-up newspaperman who carries himself with the weary professionalism of Santa Claus the day after Christmas. Murray Slaughter (Gavin MacLeod), the cynical news writer whose heart is as soft and moist as a Sara Lee cupcake, will no longer stare hopeless and loving into Mary's eyes, waiting for her inevitable response: that smile. Sue Ann Nivens (Betty White), the TV news hen with the Rabelaisian sexual appetite, will have to console herself with the Minnesota Vikings, Twins, and North Stars. Only one, hollow figure will remain: silver-haired, perpetually sun-tanned, blissfully ignorant Ted Baxter (Ted Knight).

According to that final show's plot, the WJM news staff is fired because of low ratings. *Mary Tyler Moore* never suffered that fate; the series' death isn't a homicide (cancellation by CBS) or a mercy killing (from terminal creative arthritis). *MTM* was as good in its seventh year as in its first: very good indeed. By common consent, it was the best situation comedy on American television, during a period when the TV sitcom came of age to offer the kind of sustained, behavioral humor unseen for 35 years, since the last great days of Hollywood comedy. Those Thirties movies—with poor little rich boys and their witty, working-girl heroines—provided the American cinema's only genuine spawning ground for actresses who were identifiably of the American middle class: Jean Arthur and Carole Lombard, Irene Dunne and Rosalind Russell.

In the Seventies, that everyday ideal was reincarnated in Valerie Harper (*Rhoda*), Suzanne Pleshette (*The Bob Newhart Show*), Penny Marshall and Cindy Williams (*Laverne and Shirley*)—and our Mary.

Mary Richards shares the preoccupations of many educated Seventies career girls: the need to be successful and well-liked, the reluctance to be either fawning or dominating. She's one of those pert, sage sitcom housewives of the Fifties and Sixties who's come out of the kitchen and into the workaday world; she's a contemporary version of Laura Petrie, the character Mary Tyler Moore played on *The Dick Van Dyke Show*. Both series fit securely into the honorable tradition of the genteel sitcom, winning their laughs easily and assuredly through likable, naturally funny characters whom the viewer kept wanting to "visit," like a second family. Mary Richards' family (as the final show states explicitly) is the staff of the WJM newsroom. There's the strong father figure (Lou); the good-time older sister (Sue Ann); and the two sons, one bossy (Ted), one sensitive (Murray), and both terribly insecure.

In fact, insecurity is the hallmark of most of the characters on *MTM*, and on most other comedy series. Where *MTM* differs from the shows produced by Norman Lear (*All in the Family*, *Maude*, *One Day at a Time*, *All's Fair*, etc.) is in the grace and dignity with which Mary and her family weather life's major and minor disappointments. With the Lear shows you sometimes get the impression that his writers sit around asking themselves, "Now what major TV taboo can we break this week?"

Archie becomes impotent, Edith faces breast surgery, Walter is an alcoholic, Maude is a manic depressive, JJ may have VD.) The shows often end up sounding like Clifford Odets rewritten by Neil Simon. *MTM*, on the other hand, often approaches sensitive (as opposed to sensational) themes, but it's no big deal, because the series is more concerned with the interaction among nice, well-meaning people who occasionally trip over their own foibles. They look up,

and look embarrassed. There may be a tear or two. And then, at the end, Mary smiles.

In the next to last show, Mary and Lou, sensing each other's attraction, went on a date. But when it came time for the big romantic kiss (a recurring trauma in Mary's life), these two grown-up teenagers burst out laughing, relieved to discover their affection wasn't sexual. A week later, at the end of the final show, with many a farewell tear shed, the newsroom gang broke improbably into a chorus of "It's a Long Way to Tipperary." The laughter had subsided, the tears were drying. And at the line "to the sweetest girl I know," Lou kissed Mary. It was an expression of esteem and love not only from one friend to another, but from *MTM* fans to Mary Richards Tyler Moore. Mary, you were the sweetest. And TV will have to go a long way to duplicate your achievement. It will never duplicate your smile. □

The GIMLET EYE

THE FACES OF TIMOTHY LEARY

D. KEITH MANO

Tim Leary, both of them, had the following dialogue with himself at Montclair State College:

LEARY A: The dissenters in Russia, they're playing in a hardball game against the toughest totalitarian system in history.

LEARY B: There is nothing that is being done to the dissenters in Russia that wasn't done to me and my family in the 1960s.

LEARY A: There's an epidemic of good feeling that's sweeping this country. The prohibition against new ideas has been repealed.

LEARY B: Montclair State College has as its aim the goal of keeping you serenely and productively stupid.

LEARY A: I tell you, flatly, that Americans are smarter than people in the Old World.

LEARY B: By the way, I'm not about to form a trio with Eldridge Cleaver and Patty Hearst to sing "God Bless America."

LEARY A: I'm not here, my fellow

veterans of the Sixties, to lead a Charge of the Light Brigade back to Woodstock.

LEARY B: I think the generation of the Sixties performed more acts of nobility and liberation in ten years than had ever been performed in any century before that.

LEARY A: I ask you, I beg you: don't believe anything I say.

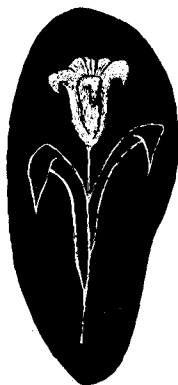
LEARY B: I ask you, I beg you: don't believe anything I say.

TILT. Leary won't let his right lobe know what his left lobe has been up to. "Change," he will tell all us undergrads, "is the name of the game." Apt enough: his mind gets changed more often than three-month-old quadruplets. Change has become the opiate of the masses. (This from a man who once thought that opiates were the opiate of the masses.) Change. Not *progress*. Progress is a Nixon word. It implies moral value, better-than. Just change: change is process, energy: active but non-judgmental. And to be preferred because . . . abhhh. Got me there.

"The luxury of thinking the right is on one side, the wrong is on another, is something we've outgrown." Yet Leary has to be honest—don't tell me his Folsom Prison years weren't rehabilitative—civilization can't change if it can't move. "I spent time in some socialist countries and I'll say this: the whole country is a minimum-security prison." These aren't political or moral observations: scientific rather. America was "an intelligence test that our forefathers passed." Migrants are sharp, roadwise: it's harder to find water-holes or fresh game each morning than it is to find your back forty. Chancier, as well. Mobility genes, stamina genes, sheer moxie genes: if the gene pool has a deep end, we're it. America supplied the fittest survival of the fittest.

Genetic. Leary will pronounce that term as a Moslem would pronounce the term, Allah. His voice prostrates itself, just about: O, Genetic. For Genetic read holy, irresistible, beneficent, god-in-the-gonad. Leary styles himself a "genetic mystic." Of course the biblical creation can't satisfy him. But neither can the accepted scientific gloss: "You don't move from methane molecules to Monday Night Football in just two and a half billion years."

What then? Then Leary believes in Directed Panspermia, which is not a Balkan air freight company. Our planet,



it seems, was sown intentionally from Someone's outer space Burpee Catalogue. And other earths were also spore-seeded. "That means that on millions or billions of planets like ours—one generation after Hiroshima, there's a consciousness movement." Actually this dull galactic determinism is closer to Genesis than to Darwin: not Adam and Eve, but Egg and Sperm in the Garden of Utero. By comparison Mary's immaculate conceiving might be proved arithmetically. Panspermia is either a) what you need these days to haul down a fat lecture fee at Montclair State College or b) incontrovertible evidence that LSD can pulp the brain cells. Or c) both.

In fact Tim Leary, once a wild and notable outlaw, is now front man for the acronymed organization SMILE: Space Migration, Intelligence Increase, Life Extension. "None of the ideas I'm going to talk to you about are my own—I'm simply the broadcaster." Space Migration derives from a theory knocked together by Princeton physicist Gerard O'Neill: that nomad man will commute soon to suburbias between moon and earth: 10 × 30-mile self-supporting blimps stage-set to resemble Scarsdale or Tucson or Palm Beach. Intelligence Increase is ambiguous and then some: a liberation presumably of that disadvantaged class, the right brain lobe. "Often people ask, 'What evidence have you that Space Migration will lead to Intelligence Increase?' I want to tell you, I've met several astronauts and you look in their eyes and, my God, they look like acid-heads." QED. Life Extension has to do with that self-destruct button in our sensible cell-code: biochemists, Leary would have you know, are almost able to unpush it. And he poses a question. "How many here would like to live forever?" Thirty per cent of Montclair hands go up. "All right: live forever *and* have the option to die when you wanted to?" Eighty per cent. Death still has its groupies.

In 1977 Terrible Tim Leary is that most dated of things: a nineteenth century scientific optimist. The stolid Seventies have pulled him down: Babbitt boosting Zenith. And Tim Leary should be a booster. He is—I have no more accurate word for it—pretty: glib, pretentious, suave, so cute: could be one of those mid-morning quiz-show hosts. Also he's a suck-up; he brown-noses our children: "I'll do something radical

tonight, something unorthodox . . . I'll talk to you as one intelligent person to another." His ninety-minute Chautauqua spiel is padded with Kapok: worth one quarter-hour maybe or three mimeographed sheets. I didn't relish the old Leary, but at least he could disturb and anger me. What I loathe best is when some jerk says, "You simply *must* meet Mr. X, he's so *interesting*." Whack, right off I know that Mr. X would bore me to cuticle-picking. Chic Tim comes on like that now, like someone you simply *must* meet. A handsome promo-package looking for its market, for any market. Tim Leary is the Mark Spitz of pop science these days. □

ETIQUETTE

SANS CAVIARE

JOHN LUKACS

Someone comes up and whispers to me: "The Russians have been looking for you."

Then and there, a Russian—squat, dark, gold-inlaid teeth—grabs my arm. I don't have a moment to reflect, which is good, because here is the materialization of a recurrent bad dream: they



are about to get me. At one time I fled Hungary when I thought that the Communist secret police, and, behind them, the Russians, were about to get me. I dreamed this typical dream, lodged in the collective unconscious of millions of displaced persons, for many years thereafter: I am back, and they are about to get me. And now they've got me.

But it is 1976, not 1946, and we are in a high-ceilinged room in Norway. The sun is streaming in, and the Russian is smiling. Broadly, humanly, Muscovitically smiling. He hands me an invitation that is engraved and gilded. "The Ambassador of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics and Fru T. A. Kirichenko" (it is in Norwegian) "have the honor of inviting Professor J. A. Lukacs to a Buffet-Dinner." "*Tirsdag den 17 August kl. 19.00,*" it says. I

experience a moment of relief. "*Tirsdag*": Thursday, on which day I leave here. "No, no!" he says: "Tomorrow!" and points a strong, stubby, determined finger on the cardboard. *Tirsdag* = Tuesday.

"I shall be pleased to come," I say, or words to that effect. "I shall call the Embassy," I add, more than half seriously, "or should I drop a card?"

"No, no!" the Russian insists. "You tell me."

Within the next few hours I make inquiries. About two dozen scholars—half of a scholarly conference—have been invited. Among the few Americans I am the only one. I ask one of my American colleagues, a former State Department man: If I don't show up at the conference Wednesday morning he'll report this to the American Embassy promptly, won't he? One must have courage enough to be a coward.

Tuesday morning. Through the groups of milling scholars the Russian comes, grabbing my arm again: "You come?"

"Sure. I come, and thank you very much."

And now it is a pearly afternoon in Oslo, with the summery Scandinavian sense of an everlasting luminescent noon, and I return to my hotel to bathe and dress, after having had one of those awful Norwegian beers with a Canadian friend on the terrace of a crowded café, where I had a painful glimpse of the most beautiful girl in the world, a waitress, on the other side of that thronged terrace, at an irrecoverable distance in space and in time.

As I descend in the hotel elevator I meet a colleague who is a military historian and a Swedish general staff officer. We order a cab and I drive off to the Soviet embassy with this safest of companions.

DESCRPTION of a reception at the Soviet Embassy in Oslo, 1976. A large villa on the Drammensveien, in the villa and embassy district of this bourgeois city. A garden tended with great care and propriety. The back of the garden slopes down to Oslo fjord. Plashing fountain there. Red carpet up front. Ceilings medium high. Dozens of glass chandeliers. Dozens of oil paintings, mostly snowy forest scenes: icy running brooks, impassive trees. Green plush furniture. An incredibly long table, bedecked with all the comestibles for the buffet dinner. At the

end of the long room a small table draped with linen, with all the drinks and bottles set out in the American fashion. With the solitary exception of a medium-sized portrait of Lenin over a corner chimney this is how the embassy of a Czarist Russia would look in a provincial northern capital in, say, 1976?

Yes and no. There is a 1926 sense about this place, with all of these richly framed oil paintings and upholstered *Stilmöbel*, the glass chandeliers and the apple-green plush: it breathes a kind of stiff Central European opulence, rather than bourgeois comfort. There is something German about it—the house of a rich Berlin industrialist around 1926—as indeed there is that German interior influence in Russia, whether Czarist or Soviet. Had there been no revolution in Russia in 1917, Russia would probably be a constitutional monarchy now, with embassies like this: half-bourgeois, half-opulent. Like the buffet table: a very large display of splendid dishes, including the first first-class salmon I have seen in Norway in three weeks. For Norwegian cooking is not one of the best, to say the least, and this is the best there is, not to speak of the excellent Soviet vodka in small crystal glasses that I keep knocking back with an increasing sense of comfort.

ONE OF MY expectations is unfilled: there is not one grain of caviar to be had, or seen. It dawns upon me: this is a second-class diplomatic reception, for scholars. The caviar must be reserved for higher occasions. There is a definable sense of protocol throughout the evening. Most of the scholars congregate in the smaller drawing-room, sitting around a large coffee-table, talking. A coffee hour at the embassy. The ambassador is large and heavy, wearing, however, a beautiful print dress, and there is something that is very nice in her smile. Her face shines with the happy contentment and catholic goodwill of Russian grandmothers. I learn later that she is the daughter of a famous Russian Field-Marshal: the natural choice, I guess, for a Soviet ambassador. The Soviet aristocracy. I try to charm her. As we leave, I bow: “*Médecine. l’Ambassadrice,*” I say, “*je vous suis très reconnaissant pour cette charmante soirée.*” Next to her stands the Russian general, military historian, veteran of one hundred scholarly con-

ferences across the globe. “Hah!” he says, and pumps my hand. “American professor!”

“*Charmante soirée*” may be too much. At ten o’clock everyone leaves. One has the sense that everyone is supposed to leave. With a young Norwegian couple we repair to an *Ølgården*—beer-garden—where, again, I espy, from a hopeless distance, the most beautiful girl in the world, another one.

DESCRIPTION of my thoughts after this diplomatic event. Life is funny. If I had been told in 1946, in Hungary, that thirty years later I should be a welcome guest at a Soviet embassy in a Western capital, with my only complaint being the absence of caviar . . . Suppose the Russians knew that I was a vocal anti-Communist, their strident opponent, their . . . They couldn’t care less. An American citizen, member of the international bureaucracy of scholars, this is what counts. Forget the rest. Besides, they are rather nice people. The chunky ambassador, his large wife, their son who speaks perfect American English (as most Soviet linguists do, the only Europeans to whom American English comes easier than English English, and there is an unwritten essay latent in this topic), the affable general, the secret-police *rezident*, whoever he is . . . If one day the revolution comes in Russia (a future event of the date and the circumstances of which I am ignorant but of the eventuality of which I am certain), I think I could feel sympathetic for some of these people. Suppose one day I were to receive a letter, from somewhere in Europe or Asia . . . I would, I think, be inclined to proffer some help.

That, too, does not matter. Marx was wrong. Hitler was wrong. Even

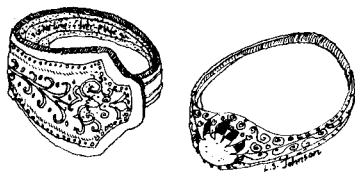
Tocqueville was wrong. The wave of the future was not Communism; it was not anti-Communism. The age of aristocracy was followed not by the age of democracy but by the age of bureaucracy—a novel phenomenon, utterly different from the old bureaucracies of Roman or Chinese empires. This is why people such as Brezhnev and Nixon got along spankingly well. They recognized the successful bureaucrat in each other. What did Halde- man or Ehrlichman know or care about capitalism or republicanism? They liked the overheated pomp of those Kremlin apartments; the stiff attention of the close-cropped Soviet captain, master of protocol; the fact that they were to be escorted to dine in state with the Numbers One and not with the numbers two, Kissinger or someone from his staff having told them that this was the caviar dinner.

The trappings of honor are one thing, the trappings of status quite another. There was a time, not so long ago, when diplomacy represented the last glimpses from an aristocratic world; its representatives were bedecked with the remnant pomp of a bygone age, since they represented the most important and solemn reality in the modern world: the state. Now there are no longer Ministers, everyone is an Ambassador; protocol still exists, but bureaucracy and international Americanism have triumphed: there are only Very Important Persons, Important Persons, Persons, and, somewhere in the Soviet lists perhaps, unpersons. Full Professors, Associate Professors, Assistant Professors, and untenured instructors. Presidents, Vice Presidents, Managers, and non-executives.

Two years ago, in the hall of a hotel in an Eastern European capital, I was



standing with a friend at the bottom of a wide staircase, waiting for our wives who were getting dressed. It was exactly six o'clock. Suddenly there was an explosion of motorcycle outriders outside. A mechanical procession ensued. Every twenty seconds a car drove up to the hotel entrance, ejecting an ambassador and his retinue. Each car had a national flag encased in plastic on the left fender. Each car was a Mercedes. Each car was black. We found that a reception was being tendered in this hotel by the Canadian Ambassador, in honor of his country's Independence Day. My friend has a genuine red beard, and when he wears his porcelain suit he looks rather like an Anglo-Irish municipal councilor at, say, Epsom, circa 1907. Now he wore a dark suit and could, at least from a distance, be mistaken for an English or Irish or Canadian dignitary of small proportions but of no mean importance. Which is exactly what happened. As the ambassadors and their wives trooped in, Western or Eastern, they hesitated for a moment: whether to turn to the right to greet us or whether



to proceed ahead along the red carpet, straight to the back of the hotel hall where the Canadian flag was draped over the portière. We stared impassively over their heads. It was all rather funny.

By 1984 invitations to certain diplomatic receptions may or may not specify Decorations; they also may specify that Name-Tags, encased in plastic, be worn. Another American custom will have conquered the world, something that will make Social Intercourse as well as Security much easier for everyone concerned. Even RSVP may disappear, having followed abbreviations such as p.p.c. into obscurity. There may be "Regrets Only," and I can see an old *fonctionnaire* going through the stacks of incoming mail at the Quai d'Orsay. There are the American receptions, and there are the Soviet ones. The American invitations are sorted into two piles, and he lightly pencils VIP on the corner of one, IP on the other. He sorts the Soviet invitations, too. On the larger pile he marks, lightly: s.c. *Sans caviare*. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

A WORLD OF LIGHT, *Portraits and Celebrations*, by May Sarton (Norton, 254 pp., \$8.95). The first two essays in this book are engaging and illuminating portraits of the author's parents, dealing with them as both husband and scholar, wife and artist. In particular, the piece on George Sarton—author of *An Introduction to the History of Science*, defender of the pigeons who came to roost on his window-sill in the stacks at Widener Library, diarist who once began an entry, "Today is the first day of spring, the feast of St. Benedict (the beginning of the Middle Ages), and Bach's birthday—what a conjunction!"—will make even the most unscientific-minded reader curious about his work. However, as Miss Sarton says in the introduction, "After I had written the portraits of my parents I realized with a shock that I had not spoken at all of what it was like to be their child . . ." In fact, that is probably why the first two essays are so good, as one realizes when Miss Sarton moves from portraiture into analyses of her "seminal friendships." Since in these next chapters she is discussing her friendships as well as her friends, she feels free to launch into rather shy-making self-revelation, and also into a pretentiousness ("Yet in this solitary case . . . time did not seem to operate. Was this because we were both poets, exaggerators of the soul?") not unknown, alas, among far better poets, but particularly unbecoming in what purports to be a celebration of someone other than oneself.

LINDA BRIDGES

OCTOBER LIGHT, by John Gardner (Knopf, 434 pp., \$10). In *October Light*, John Gardner delves into a New England world of myth and legend that is tumbling headlong into modernity. James, one of the two cantankerous old Vermonters whose family feud Gardner records, has a childlike vision of a world with heroes bigger than life; he himself, born on the Fourth of July, represents a shrunken, "October" version of the Bicentennial man. At the other end of the spectrum lies his sister Sally—the American woman, sub-species *femina liberata*. The novel opens with Sally locked in her room after an argument with James. She resolves to stay holed up there, reading a dime-store novel and dining on apples, until James admits defeat. Through this action, she protests the tyranny of all men over all women; as a symbol of the new order, she defiantly and appropriately (for a Bicentennial book) rebels against James, a symbol of the tyranny of the past. And, like the Bicentennial year, *October Light* abounds in themes and symbols. Ghosts float in and out of the narrative. Guilt gnaws at the edge of each family member's sanity. The finest of these themes is that of "locking time": the ground hardens, trees close up,

water freezes, darkness falls early. James is locked into his vision of the past: Sally locks out that world. And naturally, at the end, everything begins to unlock. Yet the book drags, partly because of the novel-within-a-novel, the "trashy" book Sally discovers in her room and reads first scornfully, then devotedly. Not surprisingly, this sub-tale corresponds to developments in the main story. But instead of complementing the major narrative, it further slows its progress. Still, while excessive ingenuity sits on the narrative like an albatross, Gardner does put some of his marvelous poetry into *October Light*. And that makes it almost worthwhile.

LAURIE PROTHRO

WANTED!: THE SEARCH FOR NAZIS IN AMERICA, by Howard Blum (Quadrangle, 255 pp., \$8.95). William Faulkner wrote: "The past is never dead; it is not even past." But is there a statute of limitations for the perpetrators of atrocity? Not formally, in America. But, as Howard Blum's impassioned and exceptionally well-documented exposé reveals, there operates in this country both a degrading will to disbelieve—but he couldn't be a Nazi, he has an American flag on his door!—and, evidently, a semi-official policy, centering in the Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS), that discourages, even impedes, attempts to discover mass murderers now residing safely in the United States. There is also a Nixon connection: Valerian Trifa, known as the Iron Guard bishop, whom then-Senator Nixon arranged to have deliver a prayer before the Senate. Blum's hero is Tony DeVito, formerly of the Immigration Service, who for years devoted his energies to exposing these war criminals, only to find that his efforts were rewarded by obstructionism and indifference. The author is more convinced than this reader that the number of these once-powerful fiends is nearly sixty, but the few cases he investigates closely are persuasive and enraging. To date, only Hermine



Braunsteiner Ryan, one-time guard and sadist at the Ravensbrück and Maidenek camps, has been deported to Germany to stand trial; others live contentedly in America, evidently untouchable by duly constituted authority here, though hardly forgotten by their victims. *Wanted!* may stretch the point, but probably not by much. The haven these individuals have found in America adds poignant force to Heinrich Himmler's dictum: "True wars, wars between races, are merciless and fought to the last man, until one side or the other is eliminated without trace." Blum contends, plausibly, that the war goes on.

DAVID BRUDNOY

Dark Horses



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THE COMPETITION for silliest socio-economic fad of the era is intense, but fair-minded folk would have to grant the recent vogue of "natural foods" a special place of honor in the absurdity rankings.

As pointed out by Drs. Elizabeth Whelan and Frederick Stare in *Panic in the Pantry* (Atheneum, \$8.95), food faddism has always been with us, and undoubtedly always will be. It has of late been escalated, though, by a couple of factors peculiar to our epoch: the youthful counterculture and its Rousseauvian yearnings, and the continuing ideological warfare of the liberal-Left against the American business system, in which the task of growing, processing, and merchandising food has come to play a prominent role.

Drs. Whelan and Stare, both specialists in public health at Harvard, tackle the scare-mongering notions about our food supply that have been propagated by the back-to-nature lobby. In an entertaining but relentlessly factual discussion of our daily bread and where it comes from, they show the mendacity, and in certain cases viciousness, of the campaign to convince the American people they are being secretly poisoned by horrible additives in their food.

On the contrary, these authors show, numerous additives are essential for health and safety: our nutritional hygiene would clearly be the poorer without them. Many foods in their purely natural state will spoil, be infested by vermin, or suffer attack from fungus or bacteria. Without preservatives and anti-oxidants, we would be at the mercy of salmonella, botulism, or aflatoxins which can make us very sick indeed, and in some instances induce such dread diseases as cancer.

Nutritional paranoia is especially silly, the authors argue, when it makes much of chemicals in "processed" foods, as opposed to the organic goodness of natural viands nourished by the earth. All foods consist of chemicals, and these have identical properties whether provided by Mother Nature or synthesized in a lab—a point that is also made to good effect by Dr. Melvin

Benarde in *The Chemicals We Eat* (McGraw-Hill, \$3.50). There are a hundred chemicals or more in milk, forty contributing to the aroma of a cup of coffee, 150 or so in a potato—all of them with scary, unpronounceable names.

Even more to the point, Benarde observes, many ingredients in "natural" foods—lima beans, spinach, unripe grapefruit, cauliflower—are toxic if taken in sufficient quantities. Natural fungus in peanut products, the active ingredient in sassafras, ordinary lettuce, Vitamin A in heavy doses—all can conceivably lead to cancer. The major difference between natural chemicals and additives is that the latter have been carefully screened and tested, while the former haven't. And of course, by weight, we all consume far more of the natural stuff than we do the artificial.

FOR THOSE who want additional data on this subject, a third book is also recommended. Some months ago *Fortune* brought out a volume called *Consumerism: Things Ralph Nader Never Told You* (Perennial Library, 95¢) which contains an excellent discussion of health foods, additives, chemicals, and the like, in addition to useful chapters on auto safety, home appliances, and detergents. As the *Fortune* study puts it: "There is no known case of any additive, used properly in a normal diet, having caused any illness other than the kind of allergenic reactions that many foods can cause."

Footnote: So pervasive is the organic-food obsession that Dr. Whelan ran into something of a blackout while trying to promote her book with Dr. Stare. She found herself mysteriously dropped from TV shows on which she had been scheduled when it was discovered she opposed the back-to-nature drive rather than supporting it. Certified naturopaths, meantime, went on the self-same shows without discernible trouble. All coincidence, of course, but Dr. Whelan has not yet been able to discuss her book on a single network talk show. □

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

FRED ALLEN'S LETTER TO [James R.] NAULTY

Things are pretty quiet around.

The papers are full of news about the City's financial troubles, and still Tammany won't agree to cut the budget or the salaries of the big office holders. . . . The bankers have refused to lend the City any money until certain things are remedied. (April 15, 1933)

KIRK

(Continued from page 442)

would be vexed to find his parish school controlled by a teachers' union, under the authority of a federal agency, and hardly distinguishable from the public schools.

There is for instance, the matter of discrimination. In the Diocese of Gary, the teachers' union filed a complaint with NLRB that was based, in part, upon union charges that the Catholic schools of Gary "discriminated" by the recitation of a prayer and of "the General Epistle of Saint James, Chapter 4, Verses 1-10." The NLRB's attorneys and agents thereupon examined priests in Gary as to what prayers and scriptural readings were used at meetings, and issued subpoenas for related materials.

Where will this struggle end? Perhaps in the Supreme Court of the United States. With the Burger Court lies the chief hope of Christian schools to escape from NLRB dictation. ☐

DRAKE & PETERSEN

(Continued from page 436)

Housing. Establishes an Intergovernmental Emergency Assistance Board. Authorizes it to make loans to states and to guarantee the payment, in whole or in part, of interest, principal, or both of obligations of states.

10. Local Public Works Capital Development and Investment Act. *Randolph. Public Works.* The Secretary of Commerce is authorized to make grants to any state or local government for construction, renovation, repair, or other improvement of local public works projects.

11. Intergovernmental Anti-Recession Assistance Act. *Muskie. Government Operations.* Declares it to be the policy of the United States and the purpose of this Act to make state and local government budget-related actions more consistent with Federal Government efforts to stimulate national economic recovery; to enhance the stimulative effect of a Federal Government income-tax reduction; and to enhance the job-creation impact of Federal Government public service employment programs. The Secretary of the Treasury is authorized to make emergency support grants to state and local governments to carry out the purposes of this legislation. Authorizes for each of 12 succeeding calendar quarters (beginning with the first calendar quarter after the date of enactment of this bill) \$500 million when the national seasonally adjusted unemployment rate reaches 6 per cent, plus an additional \$250 million for each whole percentage point over 6 per cent in the preceding calendar quarter. ☐

PRATHER

(Continued from page 439)

fleet is lost, the unregulated foreign vessels will get into the purse-seining market and slaughter some two and a half times as many porpoises as the more skilled and regulated U.S. fishermen.

An administrative law judge who conducted weeks of hearings last fall on the 1977 regulations recommended a 96,100 porpoise quota for this year, including a take of 6,500 eastern spinners. He said the figures meet the requirement of the Marine Mammal Protection Act in that the porpoise population would remain stable, and the compromise would buy time for the fishermen to perfect their fishing techniques. But his recommendations were virtually ignored by the National Marine Fisheries Service, which had simply got fed up with the courts telling them they had been too lenient with the fishermen. Dr. Robert White, the official primarily responsible for the strict new regulations, decided drastic action was needed, and he chose the eastern spinner as his target. The

question of whether the species is depleted is primarily a matter of interpretation. White ruled that the spinner is depleted, knowing the fishermen would scream and hoping the fuss would prompt Congress to change the law.

Environmentalists, the government, and the industry agree the solution to the problem lies in research. Special nets and vessel maneuvers are being perfected which facilitate escape of the porpoises over the corkline. The fleet, in fact, had already reduced porpoise mortality to about a third of the estimated 300,000 that were being killed each year at the time the Marine Mammal Protection Act was passed.

But time is running out. Research is at a standstill while the ban on killing porpoises is in effect. Mortgage payments are coming due, and fishermen are fed up. It seems unlikely Congress will revise the law quickly enough to save the U.S. fleet. And even if the government were to amend its 1977 fishing regulations more to the fishermen's satisfaction, Mr. Fensterwald would surely challenge them in court. In one way or another, it may be too late for the American tuna industry. ☐

Encounter Austria

I put myself on Sigmund's couch

Here in the Sigmund Freud Museum at Vienna's Berggasse 19, I dreamed I met the great Doctor himself. What would he say about the mystery I felt in that room?

Elsewhere, in houses on streets I can't name, I heard echoes of Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, Haydn. I visited the many museums and monuments reflecting the past that brought me here to Austria. I saw the

Lipizzaner stallions of the Spanish Riding School, sailed the Danube, walked through the Vienna Woods.

In the mountains near Innsbruck I relived the breathtaking races of the Winter Olympics. I listened to the sound of music in the hills of Salzburg. And I was changed.

It's easy for you, too, to put yourself on Sigmund's couch... to encounter Austria.



I would like to Encounter Austria.

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Everybody Vote

New York, March 27—In my opinion people should vote, but does that mean we should make them vote? If you don't vote in Mexico, you get fined, and look what happens in Mexico. The same party wins, year after year, but the requisite political theater is enacted. Everybody votes. President Carter believes that everybody should vote, and proposes to increase the number of votes by easing registration provisions. Last summer, largely at candidate Carter's bidding, the Democratically dominated House of Representatives passed a so-called postcard registration law, which did not get through the Senate before that Congress went out of session. It would have permitted registration in any federal election by completing a postcard and mailing it in.

The notion that that which people ought to do is rightly encouraged by making it physically easy for them to do it is very American. At a certain level it makes sense. We believe that children should go to school, so we provide buses to take them to school. We believe that people should have their chests X-rayed, so we send around mobile X-ray units to catch them on the fly.

Most recently, in Louisiana, an enterprising mortician carried the principle to its logical extreme. We believe that we should mourn our departed loved ones, so he set up a drive-in undertaking establishment. All you need to do to pay your last respects to Aunt Molly is drive up to the curb, twiddle the correct dial, and see all that is left of Aunt Molly—without having to get out of the car, change your clothes, and do all those bothersome things. Perhaps President Carter will call for legislation to provide federal funding for drive-in funeral parlors? Why not?

Because he proposes to subsidize the states willing to facilitate his latest program of universal registration. The logical next step would be to pay a voter to vote. After all, aren't we supposed to benefit from his civic benefaction? Why shouldn't he be paid, then? Say, five dollars, or a bottle of whisky, whichever the voter prefers. A voter should

have a choice of rewards, as well as a choice of candidates.

Now many Republicans are opposed to the universal registration law proposed by Carter, and they give as the principal reason for their opposition the possibilities of fraud. These possibilities exist, to be sure, but technical fraud is not really the problem. It is a different kind of fraud. When a voter signifies his preference without having given any significant thought to the alternatives, he is guilty of a fraud on the ideals of democracy. When a voter makes his political choice with exclusive reference to his own concerns, that voter is defrauding the commonweal, and undermining the structural arguments for democracy.

What is going on, ladies and gentlemen, is that the Democrats want to increase a majority that is already vulgar in disproportion. And the Republicans, in opposing the contemplated measure, are afraid to say what is surely on their mind. Not that there is such a great possibility of technical fraud, but that the approach—universal registration—belies the gravity of the democratic process.

WE HAVE BEEN traveling down the road to a debonair democracy for a generation. First we did away with the poll taxes, notwithstanding that a reasonable poll tax is a protection against the purely frivolous vote. Then we did away with literacy requirements, probably after the psephologists discovered that the greater the illiterate vote, the greater the plurality for the Democratic incumbents in Congress. Then we lowered the age limit from 21 to 18, in a pathetic gesture to the kids to attract their attention for just one moment away from the Grateful Dead to the ungrateful living. Most of the kids yawned. And—ungrateful wretches!—a majority of those who did vote in 1976 voted for Gerald Ford.

But Mr. Carter knows what he's up to. He talks about imitating the scene in Minnesota and Wisconsin, where you can vote on showing any kind of identification. Before the new law in Minnesota, the upper house was only 58 per

cent Democratic. After the new law, it was 73 per cent Democratic. In Wisconsin, it had been 58 per cent Democratic, and now is 69 per cent. These people are crazy like a fox.

Does anyone seriously believe Mr. Carter would be proposing this reform if the studies showed that increased voting meant increased Republican strength? Does anyone seriously believe Mr. Carter? □

REFLECTIONS ON THE INDIAN EXPERIENCE

New York, March 23—We are all pleased with democracy today, and with good

reason. The Indians put on a very good show against a lady whose supreme achievement is to have procreated a son even more obnoxious than herself. Motherly love. About the general elation, a few sobering afterthoughts.

Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, who has a flair for hyperbole, has introduced a Senate resolution congratulating "the free people of the republic of India" for holding "the largest democratic election in history involving more than 200 million citizens casting their free ballot."

If you do some hard thinking about



that resolution, it doesn't quite make sense. Because the principal hero of the Indian election is, sad to say—Indira Gandhi. She had the power to prevent a free election, and did not use it. So Mr. Moynihan should have begun by congratulating her.

Next, the people to congratulate are not the 200 million voters, who were not themselves responsible for "holding the election." The congratulations should be limited to those of them (the figures are as yet unavailable) who voted against Mrs. Gandhi, and therefore, arguably, for freedom from her oppressive regime. That limits the number of people we are congratulating today to far less than 200 million. But caution. Among those who voted against Mrs. Gandhi, there were those who voted for parties that desire far more oppression than Mrs. Gandhi mothered, most conspicuously the two Communist parties. So we must eliminate those who voted for the Communists. That now reduces the number of Indians we are congratulating today very substantially. But can we be certain that all of these Indians will prove constant in their opposition to tyranny? Is it safe to assume from the Indian experience that the majority of voters will oppose oppression? Surely the question is: What is the alternative to a Gandhili-like oppression? Can any of us predict this for India?

NOT FAITHFULLY. Mr. Tom Wicker, carried away by the same wave of enthusiasm, actually wrote that, "assuming a reasonable opportunity for political expression, people ultimately will react against one-party government." What's wrong with that statement? Well, it is historical nonsense. The Mexican situation is sadly in point. There, there is reasonable opportunity for political expression, and—after almost fifty years—a one-party state.

Argentina is a dismal case in point. After enduring Perón for ten years, until finally some patriotic generals threw him out, the people dug in their heels and, after another 18 years, finally succeeded in bringing Perón back to resume his misgovernment, which he did bravely down to his last day on earth, bequeathing his despotism to his wife. She was in due course overthrown by patriotic military men who were however left with a civil war to fight, which they are fighting with brutality. The moral is that what happened in India is not necessarily instructive as a political universal. As Roosevelt quipped after his landslide victory in 1936, "As Maine goes, so goes Vermont." As India goes, so goes India.

We can of course hope that the re-

versal of tyranny in India will prove long-lasting, and even contagious. But it was Mr. Moynihan who reminded us of the grim figures. Since World War II, he says, only five of the dozens of states created have been able to change their governing parties by free elections. These states are Sri Lanka, Guyana, Barbados, Jamaica, and Gambia. Mr. Moynihan's list is an odd one. And for those who cherish liberty, not a very reassuring one, unless you will settle for as much liberty as Mrs. Bandaranaike gives her people in Sri Lanka.

It is at least as likely that the despots of this world, reading the experience of Mrs. Gandhi, will curb any democratic inclinations. □

CARTER AT THE UN

New York, March 21
—Thank goodness there was one red corpuscle at the tail end of

President Carter's speech to the United Nations, because up until then it was the worst treacle yet served up by Jimmy Carter, and is best ignored, which it will be. Toward the end he made a concrete suggestion—that we move the Human Rights Commission from Geneva, where it has accomplished nothing, to New York, where it would probably accomplish nothing. But it is a good idea, because if you're going to ignore human rights, which is the principal activity of the United Nations, you should ignore them in plain view, and that means in New York, not Geneva.

The late Professor Willmoore Kendall of Yale University gave it as his cynical opinion 25 years ago that American Presidents should be elected for life terms—on the grounds that every President feels free to lose one continent or subcontinent to the Communist world, and the incumbent having already used up his ration, it would be better to hang onto him. By the same token, every President of the United States appears to feel compelled to give one silly speech to the United Nations, and we can be grateful that President Carter, who has four and perhaps eight years more to serve, will not feel any further obligation to appear before the UN to pronounce such inanities as he pronounced there on Thursday.

On top of the banalities, there was the strange awkwardness of the prose. Listening to the speech, one suspected that perhaps the speech writers from whom Mr. Carter wrested the limousines are retaliating by a kind of syntactical slowdown. Listen:

"Poverty, inequality of such monumental scope that it will take decades

of deliberate and determined effort even to improve the situation substantially." The hybrid metaphors, the vermiciform appendices, the redundancy and alliteration, are bad enough—but on top of that, the sentence does not make sense. The word "substantially" was clearly intended to be "slightly."

Listen again. Mr. Carter wants to "maintain peace and to reduce the arms race." How do you reduce a race? By making it shorter?

Again: "We must seek to restrain inflation and bring ways of managing our domestic economies for the benefit of the global economy." Whaaat? How do you go about bringing ways?

And on and on. But then the thought matched the syntax:

"In Southeast Asia and in the Pacific we will strengthen our association with our traditional friends . . ." Our traditional friends in Southeast Asia are mostly dead.

"We recognize our parallel strategic interests in maintaining stability in Asia, and we will act in the spirit of the Shanghai Communiqué."

DO WE HAVE an interest in "maintaining stability" in Asia? We have the same interest in maintaining stability in Asia as George III had in maintaining stability in the colonies, with the rather important difference that George Washington and his gang of 56 who signed the Declaration of Independence revolted against conditions which, by contrast with those that continue to enslave 800 million Chinese, were mere bureaucratic inconveniences. If Mr. Carter is interested in human rights, as he does not cease to tell us is the case, he can hardly be interested in maintaining a stability of Asian servitude.

"Throughout the world," Mr. Carter went on, "we are ready to normalize our relations and seek reconciliation with all states which are ready to work with us in promoting global progress and global peace." But of course that sentence is pandemonium. We are in fact seeking good relations with the Soviet Union, which however is promoting global disruption and global strife: in Africa, in Asia, in the Caribbean—in the situation room at the White House, if we continue to dismember our security apparatus at the current rate.

But let us console ourselves that an important speech by a chief of state to the United Nations has yet to be delivered. So let us forgive our President, confident that just as his listeners probably don't remember today what he said, neither, probably, does Mr. Carter remember today what he said. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

- A. Ancient China had something similar to this to keep people out; this is to keep people in
34 19 169 24 39 51 55 171 122 135
- B. Place in New York State where people are kept in
41 30 18 67 59 124 116 174
- C. This is used to keep people and animals in or out
119 133 20 150 161 185 11 64 93 141
- D. A paradise on earth—with slaves
132 12 74 68 126 38 146 3 15
- E. An official government report bound in a certain color
167 27 2 7 47 73 190 76 85 183
- F. The wife of the heir to the French throne in the old days
173 23 189 49 98 149 125 92
- G. A passage between Staten and Long Islands
100 107 142 128 25 45 40
- H. The ancient name of Bethlehem-Judah
175 81 101 28 129 78 147 111
- I. A person who is not couth
8 13 46 56 58
- J. City in Coles County, Ill.
57 152 4 117 95 144 108
- K. A vessel used for cruising and racing
75 159 188 178 60
- L. One who robs pedestrians (sounds like it might be used for corns)
80 109 151 138 157 181 123
- M. Personnel reduction through death, resignation, and retirement
87 176 131 44 83 143 104 139 96

- N. She's used to advertise pencils, but she can't write
140 5 36 77 72 103 112 145 179 16
79
- O. A bird that often weighs 300 lbs.
17 22 54 82 99 32 70
- P. The women's liberationists might boycott this book by Thomas Paine
153 1 66 91 186 136 9 130 148 156
160
- Q. Where Alexander fought a battle in 333 B. C.
21 48 84 33 177
- R. One who has all his marbles would have these
162 35 166 53
- S. A sorcerer
165 88 182 61 191 105 97 43 113
- T. What two good knights did one morning
180 115 120 62 90 50 154
- U. What the friendly postman might deliver
187 10 14 65 163 71 86 106 114 127
134 158
- V. Famous poet who lived among the Indians
170 121 37 6 137 164 69
- W. The edible root of the taro
184 52 63 89
- X. A great institution
26 94 102 110 118 155 168 172 29 31
42

DIRECTIONS

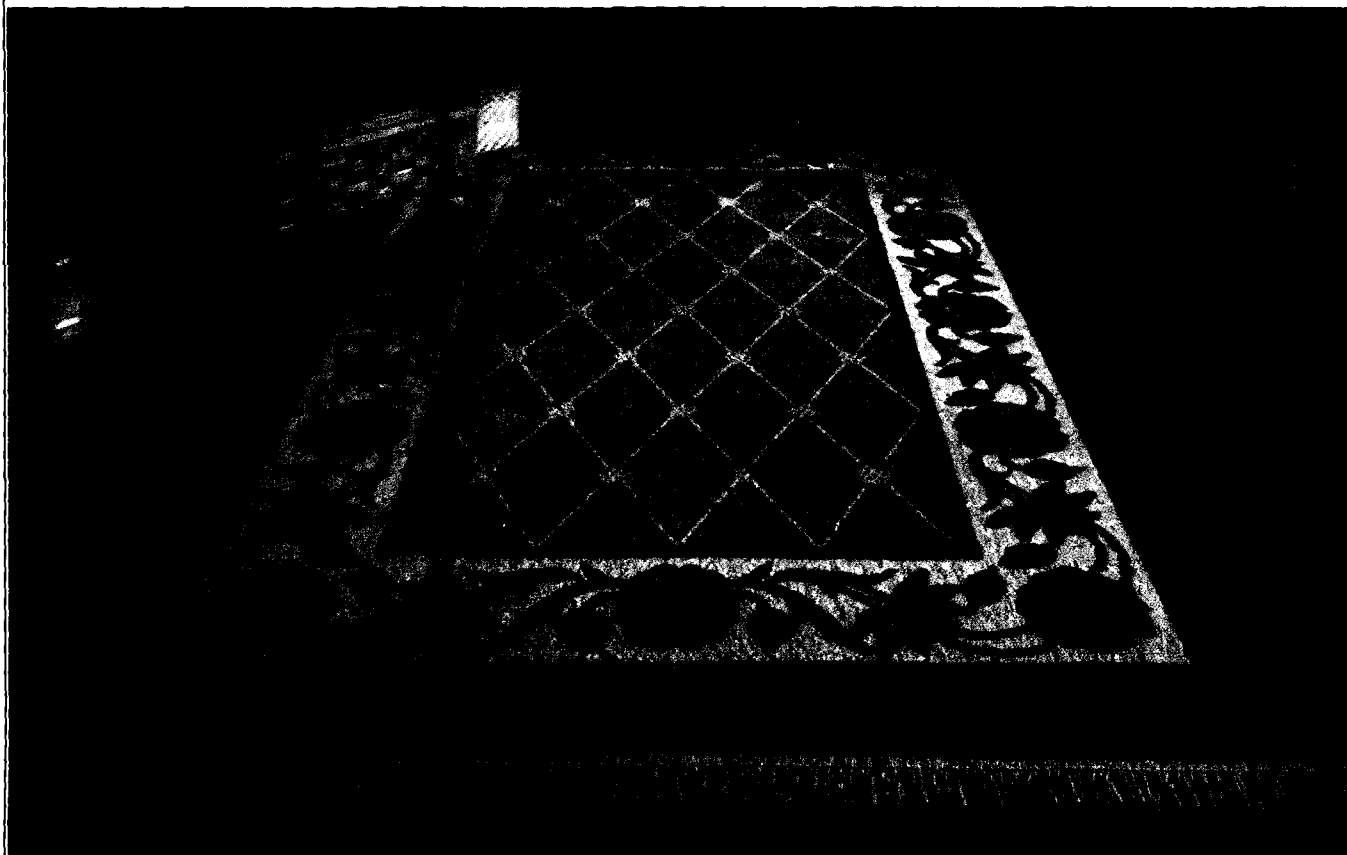
The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes, indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 454 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1	P	2	E	3	D		4	J	5	N	6	V	7	E		8	I	9	P	10	U		11	C	12	D	13	I	14	U			
		15	D				16	N	17	O	18	B	19	A	20	C		21	Q	22	O		23	F		24	A	25	G	26	X		
27	E	28	H				29	X	30	B			31	X		32	O	33	Q	34	A	35	R	36	N		37	V	38	D	39	A	
40	G	41	B	42	X	43	S	44	M			45	G	46	I	47	E		48	Q	49	F	50	T	51	A	52	W	53	R			
54	O	55	A	56	I			57	J	58	I	59	B	60	K	61	S	62	T			63	W	64	C	65	U	66	P	67	B	68	D
69	V			70	O	71	U	72	N			73	E	74	D	75	K			76	E	77	N	78	H		79	N	80	L			
81	H	82	O	83	M	84	Q	85	E	86	U			87	M	88	S	89	W	90	T	91	P	92	F	93	C		94	X	95	J	
96	M	97	S	98	F			99	O	100	G			101	H	102	X	103	N	104	M	105	S	106	U		107	G	108	J	109	L	
110	X	111	H	112	N	113	S			114	U	115	T	116	B	117	J	118	X			119	C	120	T	121	V	122	A	123	L	124	B
125	F	126	D				127	U		128	G	129	H	130	P	131	M			132	D	133	C	134	U	135	A	136	P			137	V
138	L			139	M	140	N	141	C	142	G			143	M	144	J			145	N	146	D	147	H	148	P	149	F			150	C
151	L	152	J	153	P	154	T	155	X			156	P			157	L	158	U	159	K	160	P	161	C			162	R	163	U		
164	V	165	S	166	R			167	E	168	X	169	A	170	V			171	A	172	X	173	F			174	B	175	H	176	M	177	Q
		178	K	179	N	180	T	181	L	182	S	183	E	184	W	185	C			186	P	187	U			188	K	189	F	190	E	191	S

ECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

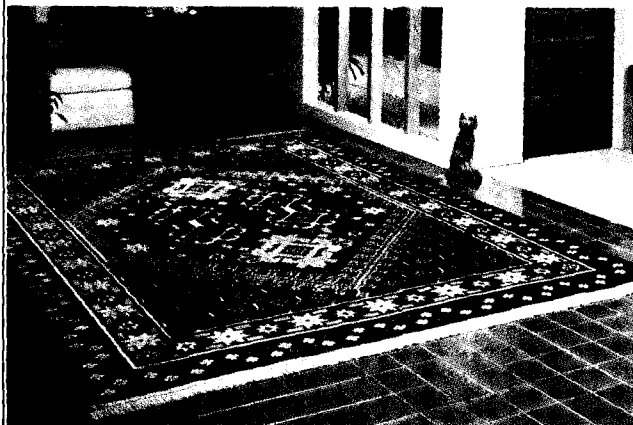
Milliken announces works of art you can step on.



There's no better way to describe our area rugs.

That's why you'll want to make one of them your area rug.

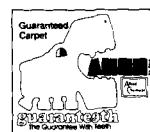
Take the Lorraine, for example. It's a simple, but elegant 18th century French design. And it comes in rich, deep antique colors of Grey, Coral, Celadon, Blue and Brown.



Then there's the Mazagan.

A stylized Moroccan rug that will remind you of the ones that are woven by the nomadic tribes of North Africa. It comes in Rabat Red, Oran Orange, Marakesh Black, Berber Brown and Mogodor Green.

Both rugs are made from 100% Anso Nylon, with a five year wear guarantee. And you can get them in 4x6, 6x9 and 9x12 sizes.



They're beautiful enough to hang in a gallery. And priced low enough to put on your floor.

Milliken area rugs. The most affordable works of art you've ever seen. Or stepped on.

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Friends ask me if we cap natural gas wells instead of sending the gas someplace useful."

"I get questions like that every day," says Gulf Offshore Operations Manager Roy Tillerson.

"People say, 'Is it true there are capped natural gas wells when people need gas so badly?'"

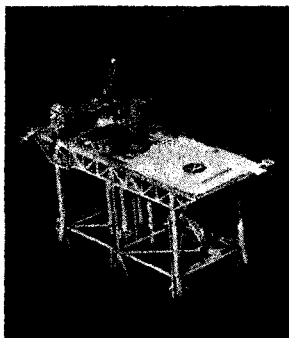
"I have to say yes, because there are. But it's not that simple."

One well isn't a field

"When a company thinks there's natural gas down there, it drills an exploratory well. But one gas well doesn't make a gas field. If you find gas with the first well, you have to cap it and drill maybe a dozen more, to see how much gas there is."

"People say, 'If you know there's gas, why not just build a pipeline to where it can be used?'"

"Gulf has hundreds of gas wells in the Gulf of Mexico, working at full capacity."



"And I say, a gas field could cover anywhere from one square mile to a thousand. Until you know how big the field is, you don't know how big a pipeline to build. In many cases, federal law doesn't allow pipeline construction until it can be proved there's enough gas in the field to justify it."

"Even if you were allowed to build unlimited pipelines, the cost of the pipelines would send the price of gas out of sight. For

instance, Gulf just finished a 60-mile gathering pipeline that cost \$25 million. It was built to serve as many as 36 wells. You can see that a separate pipeline for each of those wells would be astronomically expensive."

Working full time

"So we cap wells until we find enough natural gas to make it practical to pipe it out."

"Gulf already has thousands of wells producing all the natural gas they can. The challenge we're facing now is to find more natural gas, and ship it to consumers the cheapest way."



**Gulf people:
meeting the challenge.**



"This is a capped well. But one well is a long way from bringing in enough gas to make a pipeline practical."

Gulf Oil Corporation

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

If low tar cigarettes
taste like a lot of hot air...

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KOOL Milds.

Feel the difference KOOL's coolness
can make in a low tar cigarette.

